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# LA COQUETTERIE;

OR,

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY

IN

FRANCE AND BELGIUM.

“ La coquetterie ? c’est ce que les hommes méprisent, et ce qui les attire.”—*De Genlis*.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON :

T. & W. BOONE, 29, NEW BOND STREET.

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1832.

MARCHANT, PRINTER, INGRAM-COURT.

## PREFACE.

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PART of the following work was written previous to the Revolutions of 1830, in France and Belgium, and will not, I have reason to hope, be less entertaining to my readers from that circumstance, as it is a faithful picture of continental character and manners in *private society*, which a long residence abroad has given me the power of delineating with truth and accuracy.

It also details events that are supposed to have occurred to a young lady on her



first introduction into society abroad ; some of them are partly taken from real life ; and those who, like my heroine, may have passed through the same round of amusements, (I will not call it dissipation,) described in these volumes, will, I am certain, find themselves *at home*, both at Paris, Bruxelles, and likewise at Spa.

To the many aristocratical novels that have lately been given to the public, I therefore venture to add another, and have only to hope I may meet with the same liberal encouragement which has been given to those authors who have been my precursors.

In my heroine I have, I trust and believe, portrayed the character of a very large portion of my young country-

women ; and, in her amiable and unsophisticated character, many will, I doubt not, recognise a sister, a daughter, and, perhaps, a young and beloved bride.

I consider it unnecessary to apologize for having introduced so much of the French language, as the fashion of the times, and the example of my contemporary novelists, will plead my excuse. Indeed, it is almost impossible to delineate the French character without occasionally introducing their language, many of the idioms of which will not bear a translation.



# LA COQUETTERIE.

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## CHAPTER I.

From *her* form all your characters of life,  
The tender *mother*, and the faithful *wife*.  
*Gay.*

“OH, my dear, dear father, she must, she will recover! Do not, I beseech you, thus despond,” earnestly exclaimed a young and elegant-looking girl, as, throwing herself into her father’s arms, she concealed her face, bathed in tears, on his shoulder.

“Ah, my Rosa! at your age sorrow is ever in perspective; youth dreams not of care or misfortune. Forgive thy father, if, unwillingly, he

wishes to prepare thy mind to bear, with fortitude, the cruel affliction which, I fear, it will shortly be our lot to endure."

This was said by Lord de Clifford to his daughter, while, tenderly pressing her to his heart, he affectionately embraced her.

It was on a dull and windy afternoon in the month of December, that the father and daughter, whom I have thus abruptly introduced to my readers, were standing near the window of a large and handsome drawing-room, which overlooked the road leading to the house, and were apparently watching the arrival of some person anxiously expected.

The evening was fast closing in, and the rain pattered against the window. Nature appeared to have thrown its most gloomy colours over the inanimate landscape before them. The beech wood that partly surrounded one side of the house had lost its golden-tinted foliage, and all was dark, dreary, and cheerless. After a long pause in a conversation, of which only the latter part I have thought it necessary to relate, Lord

de Clifford again resumed it, though frequently interrupted by the sobs of Rosa.

“ I fear there is now little hope of seeing Dr. Hooker, as his visit has been delayed so much beyond the usual hour. Go, then, my love, return to your mother’s apartment; for though apparently insensible, she may still have moments of returning recollection, when the care and attention of her affectionate child will be a comfort to her. Go, then, my Rosa, and let me see you again in an hour.”

She immediately complied with her father’s wishes. On her return to him at the appointed time, she expressed her sanguine hopes that the apparently quiescent torpid state of Lady de Clifford would prove beneficial to her disorder; hopes that were encouraged by those who were attending her.

A significant shake of her father’s head made Rosa sensible how little confidence he placed in the expectations she had formed. Yet still these hopes he felt it would be cruel to discourage, as, however visionary they might prove,

they served in some degree to lull the quick sense she had of her mother's danger.

But, whatever might be Lord de Clifford's fears in regard to the termination of Lady de Clifford's illness, Rosa had the satisfaction to perceive that her father appeared more resigned than he had been for some days under the melancholy foreboding of shortly witnessing the death of a beloved wife. And, though other domestic causes of anxiety pressed heavily on him, yet Lady de Clifford's illness rose paramount, and absorbed every other feeling.

As the evening advanced, Lord de Clifford appeared to await Dr. Hooker's arrival with less anxiety and impatience than he had hitherto done ; for, even against his better judgment, he could not help being influenced and encouraged to think that a change for the better had taken place in the invalid, from the opinion of those around her, which was confirmed by that of Rosa. And are we not ever thankful and grateful to those who have, whilst watching over the sick couch of a dear relative, sought to lessen



our fears and anxieties, by shewing us only the favourable symptoms of their disorder ?

But soon those feelings, which had been dormant for a short time, were roused on the physician being announced, who had long been the friend and medical attendant of the de Clifford family; and, with looks of the tenderest anxiety, Rosa and her father accompanied him to the sick room of Lady de Clifford.

There, the appearance of the invalid was (to every one but the discerning eye of a medical man) any thing but favourable. The most beautiful features were pale and sunk, from the effects of a lingering fever ; and the apparent unconsciousness of every thing that was passing around her, gave a death-like appearance to her whole person.

Dr. Hooker's impenetrable countenance did not, while feeling the invalid's pulse and earnestly studying her countenance, give Lord de Clifford and Rosa, who watched him with eager looks, cause either to hope or fear. Again the pulse was felt, the minute-watch examined, and

the hand and arm were gently pressed, to ascertain its moisture. Instinctively he returned again to the pulse, and again the watch was looked at attentively. At last, gently placing Lady de Clifford's hand under the bed-clothes, the words, "She is better," in a low voice, acted like an electric shock on both father and daughter.

It was the first time since the commencement of her illness that a hope had been given; and Rosa, throwing herself into Lord de Clifford's arms, gave way to the most violent burst of tears.

How strange that excess of joy or grief should thus act alike on the feeling heart! Lord de Clifford's agitated countenance likewise expressed how difficult it was even for him to repress his feelings, and avoid shewing them in a way which in men is so falsely considered weakness. He did, however, overcome them, and as soon as Rosa was in some degree recovered, he persuaded her to leave her mother's apartment, where quietness was strictly recom-

mended, and he then awaited Dr. Hooker's return to the drawing-room, anxious to learn every favourable symptom that promised amendment in the health of a being so tenderly beloved by all her family.

From him he learnt that the crisis was at length decidedly over, and though fears might still be entertained, from the extreme weakness and state of exhaustion in which the fever had left Lady de Clifford, yet every thing was to be hoped from her natural good constitution, which, he trusted, would bear her up against the evils to be dreaded; and with these flattering hopes Dr. Hooker took his leave.

The following as well as succeeding days they continued slowly to be realized. But as I feel that the account of a sick room must ever prove uninteresting, except to those who have, like Rosa, the happiness of witnessing returning health bless the cares and watchings of many a long and weary night, passed by the bedside of a dear and beloved mother, I will (anxious that so early I should not give an unfavourable opi-

nion either of the work or its author) close this short chapter, and shall, in my next, give an account of Lord de Clifford's family. I must, likewise, enter into the history of the early part of his life, which is intimately connected with that of my heroine; and as my chief object is to bring forward, as soon as possible, the characters which form the subject of my tale, I shall shorten that history as much as the interest which connects it with the story will allow me to do.

But I wish first to forewarn those who take up these volumes to pass an idle hour away, that my object is to describe mankind, and the world as it is. I wish not to deceive my readers, and more particularly the younger part of them; and if they are disappointed in the work, they must not attribute blame to the author, but place it where it is due, to *the world*. If they, ignorant of "the woeful pageants" which that "wide and universal theatre" presents, have fancied its pleasures and its charms to be superior to what they really are, is the

author to be blamed who portrays them in their proper colours? Certainly not. And I think I can venture to assert that there is scarcely any occurrence related in these volumes as having occurred to my heroine, whether interesting or otherwise, that might not have happened to many or most of my young readers.

## CHAPTER II.

“ An eye expressive of a wandering mind,  
Nor *this* to read, nor *that* to think inclined,  
Or when a book, or thought, from whim retards,  
Intent on songs, or novels, dress, or cards ;  
Choice to select the party of delight  
To kill time, thought, and fame, in frolic flight ;  
To flutter here, to flurry there, on wing ;  
To talk, to tease, to simper, or to sing ;  
To prude it, to coquet it—*Him to trust*,  
Whose vain loose life should caution or disgust.

*Savage.*

LORD DE CLIFFORD, the father of my heroine, had been unfortunately (if I may so express myself) an only son, and heir to a large fortune. In consequence of these advantages, as they are too often considered by the world, he was, during childhood, indulged in every wish, and an ungovernable and undisciplined temper ruled the early conduct of Henry de Clifford. An affectionate mother, still in memory dear to him, he lost at an age when her gentle influence

might have subdued those faults of temper and character, which were, even then, beginning to be perceptible in her son.

From being the only child, he had been destined by his father to lead a life of idleness, without a profession. But England was at that period braving all the united powers of the continent, and the ardent and youthful Henry, shortly after leaving college, determined to share the glory which many of his elder companions at Eton and the University had already gained in the army and navy.

Finding every effort and argument vain to induce his father to allow him to enter the 1st regiment of Guards, then on the point of embarkation for foreign service, he determined, unknown to Lord de Clifford, to volunteer into a regiment of the line under orders for the continent. Accidentally hearing that the 53rd was at Plymouth, expecting to sail immediately for Portugal, he requested leave to visit a friend in Devonshire, with whom he had often passed part of the long vacation during his stay at



Oxford, and, with the headstrong and wilful temper of an indulged child who had scarcely ever known contradiction, he left his home, without giving a thought to the future, or what might be the feelings of his affectionate parent on learning the hasty and unadvised step he had taken, and immediately set off for Plymouth.

In those days of warlike enthusiasm, young men of family volunteering to join the army on service in the Peninsula was so common, that Henry de Clifford, on being received into the regiment, did not attract any particular attention.

Unfortunately for his spirit of adventure, at the moment of embarkation, counter-orders were received, and it was soon known that their destination was America. But the regret that de Clifford, with many others, felt at the inglorious life they were destined to lead for some months, was not experienced by Colonel Campbell, their commanding officer, who now determined that his two daughters (whom the life

of danger he was likely to be exposed to had prevented accompanying him) should, as soon arrangements could be made, join him at Quebec. In a few days the regiment was embarked. Henry wrote a few hasty lines to his father, deprecating his anger; but long before an answer could be received, the vessel he was on board of had lost sight of the white cliffs of Albion, and was steering towards the shores of America. Colonel Campbell accidentally sailed in the same transport with de Clifford, and, from the constant intercourse that naturally occurred during a tedious voyage, became much interested in the young volunteer, who, on becoming better acquainted with his commanding officer, was soon aware how much he had reason to rejoice that he was under the command of so amiable a man, and such a brave, intelligent officer.

On arriving at Quebec, Henry received letters from his father, brought by a packet that had out-sailed the transport. They expressed the sorrow and regret which a parent must naturally

have felt on such an occasion. But Lord de Clifford appeared resigned to his son's determination to make the army his profession, and, in consequence, had got him appointed to a vacant ensigncy in the 53rd regiment.

The transient feelings of repentance that the perusal of his father's letters had roused, were soon forgotten in the new and active duties of a soldier's life. He felt as if no care or sorrow could break the charm that appeared to encircle his existence. He had, however, soon to learn the uncertainty of our happiest hours, and how soon a dark and stormy cloud will overshadow the bright sunny days of youth.

Henry's regimental duty had obliged him to absent himself from Quebec for a short time. On his return he was introduced to the Misses Campbell, who had lately joined their father. Isabella, the eldest, was much too handsome and attractive to allow her fascinations long to be resisted by a young man little more than one-and-twenty. De Clifford, who knew his rank and fortune to be such, that, in seeking to

gain the affections of Miss Campbell, he was not likely to incur the displeasure of her father, did not attempt to combat the attachment which he very early began to feel for the daughter of his commanding officer, and which he had reason to think was reciprocal.

But he soon became aware how superior Colonel Campbell's character was to that of the generality of men ; for, shortly after de Clifford's attentions to Isabella had attracted the notice of her family, she was seldom allowed to meet him in society ; and, in a few weeks, he received letters from his father, which mentioned his having procured an exchange for him into the Guards. With his natural vehemence of temper, the headstrong young man determined not to return to his native country ; and requesting an interview with Colonel Campbell, he imparted to him his attachment to his daughter.

Colonel Campbell then informed him that he had remarked it, and, in consequence, had written to Lord de Clifford, who, he was

aware, from his high expectations for his son, would never sanction his marriage with the daughter of a man, who, though of good family, had nothing but his sword and pay to depend on. He, therefore, strongly urged him to return to England, as on no account would he allow him to have any communication with Isabella, either personally or by letter. Henry vainly tried to conquer this resolution of her father's, and at length decided, on finding him so determined on that subject, to leave Quebec; trusting that time and circumstances would make a change in the opinions and sentiments of Colonel Campbell.

But how different were his feelings when leaving the shores of America, from those with which he had approached them. The magnificent river St. Lawrence, with its beautiful scenery, was passed by unheeded; and, during the voyage, Henry suffered all that wretchedness which is so well known to every young man who has been thus disappointed in his first attachment. I will not therefore attempt to

describe what has, at some period of our lives, been felt by us all, but will land de Clifford in England, after a dull and uninteresting voyage. On his arrival he found his father, equally with Colonel Campbell, determined not to sanction his attachment to Isabella.

Henry's character has, notwithstanding his faults of conduct and temper, hitherto shewn itself in no unfavourable light. With regret, therefore, I am compelled to acknowledge the fickleness and inconstancy of man, when thrown on the world far from the object of his youthful attachment, whom imagination (if not reality) has decked with all that makes woman most attractive, and who, when present, and exercising the influence of her charms, acts as an *Ægis* to secure him from all the wild pursuits of youth.

Still, let not my fair readers conceive that in the other sex the bright spark which animated them becomes extinct, when separated from the woman they love. No ; it is only dormant, and

but requires the sight of the beloved object, again to blaze forth with all its former vehemence. The history of Henry de Clifford will prove, in some respects, the truth of this remark.

My readers, therefore, will not be surprised when I add, that the duties of his profession as a Guardsman—in which I ought to include, attending balls, operas, plays, and flirting with all the beauties of the day—made him, at the end of a late season in London, feel little regret at being a disengaged man; and, though Isabella still, in his opinion, surpassed in loveliness and sweetness of manner all the women he had seen, yet he now began to admire beauty in others, when heretofore he had scarcely deigned to look at those who possessed it.

The shooting season soon drew him to Baynham Abbey, the magnificent seat of his father, in Kent, whose property in that county, though nominally a large one, was much encumbered. For many weeks he was devoted to the sports



of the field, and heard, with regret, that Lord de Clifford was expecting a large party of friends to pass the Christmas with him.

That cheerful season of the year, in our happy country, soon arrived, and with it the parties invited to Baynham Abbey, which consisted of Lord and Lady Devereux, with their son and a niece, Mr. Graham and his daughter, and Sir Charles Ellis, a brother Guardsman of Henry's. I have been thus particular in naming the individuals which composed it, as most of them will be mentioned in the following account of de Clifford's early life.

Lord de Clifford's object in asking the Graham family to Baynham Abbey was soon perceptible to all but the person most interested. The daughter, Mary Anne, possessing a moderate share of beauty, was heiress to her grandmother's title of Trelawney, with a large property entailed with it. To counterbalance these worldly advantages, Miss Graham had many faults. She had early lost her mother, and was committed to the care of a French go-

verness, who had the sole direction of her education, conduct, and morals.

Religious instruction had never been considered, as Mr. Graham, fearful that she might influence the young and ductile mind of her pupil, had forbidden her mentioning the subject of religion to his daughter.

Mary Anne was thus early taught to think her religious duties a secondary consideration. Her temper, which, properly controlled, might have proved a good one, was violent and wilful ; as *Mademoiselle*, fearful of losing the comforts and advantages she possessed in Mr. Graham's family, seldom contradicted her. She was four or five years older than *de Clifford*. But his ambitious father, who considered all happiness comprised in rank and fortune, became most anxious to secure to his family, by the marriage of his son with Miss Graham, the title and estates that were likely to devolve to her.

It may create surprise, that, with such advantages, Mary Anne was still unmarried. But the death of an only brother, and the decision

of the Court of Chancery in favour of her father's claims to a large property, had, within a few months, transformed the neglected, poor, unsought Miss Graham, with little beauty, into the handsome rich heiress. Education had made her worldly. The neglect of the world had increased her selfish feelings. She was aware, that if she offended her father by marrying against his will, he would probably marry again, and she might, by the birth of a son, lose the title and fortune she would now inherit.

Miss Graham had, therefore, determined to resign herself to her father's choice, and forget, if possible, the preference she had long entertained for Sir Charles Ellis, whom, from being an impoverished gamester, with inferior connections, she well knew he would never receive as a son-in-law. For Mr. Graham having, at two-and-twenty, made an imprudent marriage with a young lady, his inferior in birth, he had determined that his daughter should not commit the same error, and bring any more plebeian blood into the Trelawney family.

With these various feelings did the party already named meet at Baynham Abbey. Mr. Graham soon perceived Lord de Clifford's object in inviting them, and readily entered into views so favourable to his wishes. In the meantime, the vanity of the unsuspecting Henry was flattered by the attentions shewn him by Mary Anne at her father's desire ; the more so, as he perceived his friend, Sir Charles Ellis, was paying assiduous though secret attentions to the rich heiress, and he was therefore gratified at a preference so marked ; for Sir Charles far excelled him in talents and in personal attractions. De Clifford was thus unwarily led into a flirtation ; and, from being constantly in the society of an agreeable pretty woman, was often tempted to express sentiments of admiration without any corresponding feeling of the heart. Thus, before he was able to recede, he found himself entangled in the snare laid for him, and compelled, against his wishes and inclinations, to offer himself to a woman whom he did not love.

But vanity then ruled Henry's unlucky des-

tiny ; and notwithstanding Isabella was still pictured in “ his mind’s eye ” as the object of his first love, yet he strove, though vainly, at times, to drive her image from him, and to conquer feelings which he considered ungrateful to Mary Anne, who had selected him from the many who sought her. Henry had also, like many other young men, outran his allowance, and he was not unwilling to have the power of paying some heavy debts and contracting new ones, which the handsome income given to him on his marriage would allow him to do.

Lord de Clifford and Mr. Graham, delighted at the success of their plans, were both desirous that the marriage should be fixed to take place early in the spring. The necessary preparations were soon completed, and Mr. Graham had the satisfaction of leading his daughter to the altar, a no unwilling bride, though without a particle of affection for the man she was vowing to love. Lord de Clifford was equally pleased. He had dreaded the probable return of Colonel Campbell from America, and the influence his lovely

daughter still evidently held over the mind and heart of the inconsiderate, and I fear I must add, fickle Henry.

But he little knew the character of the woman he had, unfortunately, selected for his son. Her temper, hitherto controlled by a severe father, soon shewed itself without disguise to the husband she was indifferent to. Devoted to dress, to the world, and to its allurements, she scrupled not to allow the attentions of married and single men, and became a decided flirt. Her beauty was improved by matrimony; her talents and conversation, developed by the greater freedom allowed to a married woman, (but which too often proves fatal if carried to an extreme,) made Mrs. de Clifford's society equally courted by men; and not even the birth of a lovely boy could recal this vain weak female from the destructive career she was pursuing.

De Clifford sought by kindness and reproof to make her more domestic. The suspicion that she was aware his marriage was one of ambition, and not of love, rendered him unwilling to try

any harsh measures. To add to his uneasiness he soon perceived she was receiving, with undisguised pleasure, the renewed attentions of Sir Charles Ellis. For where is the man, whose principles are worldly, who, on finding his admiration and *dévouement* tolerated by a married woman, will not, forgetful of the consequences, be tempted from vanity to try the strength of the virtue which he wishes to undermine? Too often the unfortunate woman falls a victim to her own weakness, and the seducer's love of notoriety.

De Clifford, after vainly remonstrating, found it necessary to forbid Sir Charles Ellis the *entrée* of his house; and, as there was a prospect of Mrs. de Clifford becoming a second time a mother, he trusted her maternal duties would lead her to give up an acquaintance so disagreeable to him, and so injurious to her character.

In a few months his family was increased by the birth of a daughter, whose sickly and delicate health roused all the mother's feelings in Mrs. de Clifford. For many weeks the life of



the little Rosa Mary Ann (so named after Henry's mother and Mrs. de Clifford) was despaired of. The latter devoted herself to nursing her infant, and Henry, delighted to witness so favourable a change, shared with her the cares and anxieties of attending the fluctuating health of his little girl.

His father's health, however, whom a paralytic stroke had almost rendered childish, soon obliged him to visit Baynham Abbey. Lord de Clifford, who would not permit his son to leave him, died after two months of severe suffering; and, as soon as the arrangements were made for the funeral, Henry hastened to rejoin his family in London. He had not for some days received any letter from Mrs. de Clifford, but the anxiety of mind, caused by his father's death, had prevented his thinking much on the subject.

But, many days previous to his arrival, his deluded wife had left her happy home, and had been prevailed on, by the artful sophistry of Sir Charles Ellis, to place herself under his protection. She had long been attached to him, and,

taking advantage of de Clifford's protracted absence, she had renewed her intimacy with him, and after a short period of irresolution and indecision was persuaded to take this hasty and fatal step. Informing the servants it was her intention to join her husband at Baynham Abbey, preparations were made for her departure, and on the following morning she set off, accompanied by her little girl and its nurse, leaving in town her son, whom she had always neglected.

A short distance from London she was met by Sir Charles Ellis, and the guilty pair on reaching Dover embarked for the Continent.

It may appear surprising that, notwithstanding she thus severed herself from every tie that connected her with her husband and family, she still appeared to cling to the child she had nursed for so many months. But though great may be the guilt and errors of the wife, yet seldom, I believe, are the feelings of the mother obliterated, even when she is treading the paths of vice; and, consequently, finding herself unable

to overcome her maternal affection for the infant Rosa, she made her the companion of her flight.

Of this victim to uncontrolled passions I have little more to add. But ere I resign her to that oblivion which her conduct merits, let me warn my female readers to beware of that first and primary cause, which leads so many of the sex astray. It is vanity. Pleased with the admiration of men, they see not the serpent that beguiles them to destruction, until, too late, they find that if the straight path of virtue and honour be once swerved from, they must inevitably proceed in the circuitous one of misery and infamy.

The young married woman who once allows the admiration of men, or admits of the most trifling liberty or familiarity either in word or action, without shewing that proper resentment which gives to understand it must not be repeated, is taking, imperceptibly to herself, the first step towards vice. The well known proverb of "*ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute,*"

is one the truth of which we should always bear in mind ; for many are the errors it would save us from. The boundary between *right* and *wrong* being once passed, who is there that will venture to say, Thus far will I go, and no further ?

## CHAPTER III.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss  
Of Paradise that has survived the fall ;  
Though few now taste thee, unimpaired and pure,  
Or tasting, long enjoy thee ;—

*Cowper.*

THE *man of the world*, who is constantly hearing of events, such as I have described in my last chapter, occurring in families of his acquaintance, and perhaps friends, can be no judge of the sufferings of Henry, whom I must now call Lord de Clifford.

De Clifford can expect sympathy only from those who have been similarly circumstanced, and who alone can understand his feelings on his arrival in town, when, on alighting from his carriage, he was informed of the absence of Lady de Clifford. A vague suspicion of the fact flashed across his mind, which was soon

verified, as, on inquiring for his letters, he found one addressed to him from her. He tore it open. It was dated from Dover. Without attempting to vindicate her conduct, she informed him that she was going to seek in another country, with Sir Charles Ellis, the happiness she had never known since her marriage with him; that she was accompanied in her flight by her little girl; and she gave him to understand, in an indistinct and vague manner, that to *that* child he was to consider himself as having no claims as a parent.

For several minutes Lord de Clifford was stunned; and he was compelled to read the letter a second time before his mind was capable of understanding the latter part of it, worded so mysteriously. True, he had married her from sordid motives, and, though too late, he had found

How various is the human mind !  
Such are the frailties of mankind,  
What at a distance charms our eyes,  
After attainment droops and dies.

Yet he had been ever kind to her. But, what was most bitter, was the knowledge, that for months he had fondled and caressed the child of his bitterest enemy, the seducer of his wife : only in that light could he comprehend her allusion to her daughter. To that infant he had particularly attached himself—won by its apparent fondness for him, even in preference to the mother, who was devoted to it.—Its bad health had likewise given it greater claims on his naturally affectionate heart. For, how often does sickness attach parents to the most disagreeable children, while those who are more attractive in person and temper, but with stronger health, are neglected.

In the agitation of the moment Lord de Clifford had forgotten his favourite Hugh. But the child, on being brought to his father, appeared so unconscious, and evidently indifferent to the loss of a mother, who had never loved him, that the society of his son rather soothed than irritated his feelings. For to his innocent

and deserted child the privation of such a mother could not be considered as a loss.

He had now the unwelcome task to communicate to Mr. Graham his daughter's misconduct. At his request, Lord Devereux undertook to write to the father, and give him every necessary information on a subject so distressing to a husband.

Mr. Graham was then in the north of England, on a visit to Lady Trelawney, but immediately came to town on receiving Lord Devereux's letter. No language can express the feelings of the irritated parent on hearing of the guilty conduct of his daughter; and Lord de Clifford felt relieved when this violent man was recalled into the country by the necessity of informing his mother of Lady de Clifford's elopement.

In the quiet society of Lord and Lady Devereux and their amiable niece, the forsaken husband might have been led to think of forming new ties, connecting him with that family, when released by the laws of his country from



those that still bound him to his guilty wife, had not his thoughts constantly strayed towards her who, in his early military career, had been the object of his first attachment.

As it would soon be in his power to be guided in his second choice solely by love, he determined to ascertain if Colonel Campbell had returned to England. On calling one morning at his army agent's, he received the welcome information that the colonel and his daughter were in Scotland, having left America some months. The agent added that regimental business would soon oblige the Colonel to return to town. Lord de Clifford determined to await their arrival, and in a few weeks had the satisfaction to see it announced in one of the morning papers, that they had taken up their abode at a fashionable hotel in Albemarle-street. That same day he renewed his acquaintance with his old friend and commanding-officer, and had every reason to hope that he was still remembered with interest by Isabella ; who, improved in beauty and elegance, could scarcely conceal

her agitation on again unexpectedly meeting her former lover. I will now only add, as I wish to pass over slightly the family history of my hero and heroine, that in due time the divorce took place; that the damages were small, in consideration of the defendant's poverty; and that, a few weeks after, Isabella became the happy and beloved bride of Henry de Clifford.

From that time, until within a few months of the period at which my history commences, Lord and Lady de Clifford's life had been one of uninterrupted happiness. They had two children, the eldest a boy, named Henry, after his father, and the second a daughter, to whom, at her mother's request, and much against her husband's inclination (from the unpleasant recollections it recalled), had been given the family name of Rosa; as Lady de Clifford superstitiously fancied her own, already given to two girls, who had died shortly after their birth, was unlucky.

Thus, four years after her brother, our heroine made her appearance, a fine and healthy

little actress on this stage of sorrow and happiness combined. She became the darling of her family. Hugh was particularly fond of her. In all her little infantine sorrows he coaxed and soothed her ; he guarded her in their walks from all danger ; and, when he was of an age to be sent to school, he parted from his favorite Rosa with tears of regret.

Hugh, unfortunately, possessed his mother's violence of temper, and his father, wisely thinking a public school the best place to correct the faults of his disposition, sent him very early to Eton. It was at that time that Mr. Graham married again, and was united to a young lady residing in the neighbourhood of his mother's place in Yorkshire. By her he had two sons. Thus, Hugh de Clifford lost all chance of a property and title, which, to secure to his family, had cost his father so much misery and wretchedness.

Lord de Clifford had repeatedly, after his second marriage, made inquiries about his divorced wife ; and his mind had been relieved

from anxiety on the subject, by hearing that an uncle of her mother's had died in India, and had left her heiress to the fortune he had acquired in that country, on condition of her taking his name. She was thus rendered independent of her family, and married Sir Charles Ellis, who, a few years after, died on the Continent.

From that period he lost all trace of her and her daughter; and, if Hugh had not forcibly reminded him of his mother, in person, in manners, and even in temper, the existence of his first wife would in a few years have been obliterated from Lord de Clifford's memory. As she had never resided at Baynham Abbey, there were no local recollections to bring her to his mind; and as Hugh was treated by Lady de Clifford as if he were her own son, he, on his side, appeared equally attached to her.

On leaving Eton, Hugh was sent to a private tutor, and from thence to the University. There he distinguished himself; and there was every prospect that his talents would, in a few years,

bring him forward into public life with credit to himself and family. He preferred the diplomatic line, and his father succeeded in getting him placed as *attaché* to our embassy at the court of Florence.

But there he led a life of extreme dissipation and extravagance. He was devoted to an Englishwoman of rank, but of an infamous character; and his family had every reason to fear the consequences of this culpable connection; as, previous to Lady de Clifford's illness, letters had been received that made it doubtful whether he was not already privately married to this woman, who, from her beauty, was supposed to have the greatest influence over him.

The probability of such a connection made Lord de Clifford miserable. Convinced that, while they were at a distance from each other, he should not be able to persuade him to return to England, he had serious intentions of joining his son at Florence, and was in hopes, by persuasion and other means, to disentangle

him from the unfortunate attachment which he had formed there.

Hugh de Clifford was at this time four-and-twenty; he had a tall and handsome person, with his mother's dark eye and fine features. He seldom entered female society without attracting observation, and even admiration, by his personal appearance. He was clever and agreeable—particularly so to women—for, having been domesticated in the first society of a dissipated Italian court nearly three years, he had served, with some success, his apprenticeship as “cavaliere servente” to several Italian ladies, and had acquired a softness of tone and manner towards women that formed a striking contrast to his haughty and sometimes overbearing demeanour towards men. Perhaps it was this contrast that made him so generally liked and admired by the other sex.

His faults were chiefly to be attributed to his having been early left to his own guidance, in the midst of a dissipated and licentious people,

where moral rectitude of conduct is disregarded, and even laughed at; and where, too often, the most captivating women are to inexperienced young men the seducers instead of the seduced.

Italy, with its unequalled climate and its lovely women, was, therefore, considered by de Clifford as a second paradisè; while England, with its fair and (as he then thought) insipid females, was the land of fogs and dulness; and, therefore, notwithstanding his father's oft expressed wish that he should leave Italy, he still continued from month to month to delay his departure.

A letter, however, from his father, informing him of Lady de Clifford's illness, and the little hope that existed of her ultimate recovery, immediately hastened his preparations for departure.

We will now leave him travelling with as much despatch as four post-horses could convey him to the metropolis of France, and, in the next chapter, return to the family at Baynham Abbey.

## CHAPTER IV.

And now on deck the willing exiles stand,  
Now sinks, receding quick, their native land.  
“ Ye chalky cliffs, ye wave-worn shores, adieu !  
New are our hopes,” they cried, “ our country new.  
With scarce a tear for all we leave behind,  
Our vessel scuds and woos the willing wind.”

*Paul.*

THE health-inspiring breezes of spring did not appear to revive the drooping frame of our invalid at Baynham Abbey. Notwithstanding the never ceasing attentions of her family and physician, there remained a lassitude and debility which greatly alarmed Lord de Clifford and Doctor Hooker. The latter at length proposed change of air and scene, as the only remedy likely to prove beneficial in stimulating the dormant powers of mind and body.

A tour on the Continent was named, and immediately acceded to by Lord de Clifford. At



the moment, therefore, that Hugh was hastening to Paris, on his road to England, his father despatched a letter desiring him to remain in that capital until he wrote again, as it was his intention to join him there with his mother and sister, and from thence proceed to Spa, where he hoped the waters would restore health and vigour to the weakened constitution of Lady de Clifford.

Rosa, who was little more than sixteen, like most young people of that age, was delighted at the prospect of viewing personally a capital so famed as that of France ; and with all the happy elasticity of youth, and the thoughtlessness natural to her time of life, she prepared for her departure with a gaiety of heart, that was only occasionally damped by the depressed state of her mother's spirits.

When the day arrived for their departure, and at the moment of leaving a residence endeared to her by so many local recollections, Rosa felt a sadness she could not conquer. With a feeling of regret, and almost of remorse, she blamed

herself for quitting, with such heartless gaiety, those happy scenes in which her youth had been passed. And when, from a turning in the road, she caught a last look of the Abbey, where

— oft in memory she traced  
Some social scene, some dear familiar face,

with tearful eyes, turning to her mother, she exclaimed—

“ Oh, mamma ! how ungrateful I have been in wishing to leave the dear Abbey ! Perhaps, in quitting this loved spot, I may soon find, that, where I have never known care or sorrow, there only am I likely to meet with content and happiness ! ”

For a few moments the sweet countenance of Rosa was overclouded ; but, on perceiving how much her mother was agitated at leaving her favourite residence, which her indifferent health made it probable she might never revisit, she conquered the melancholy foreboding that had for a few moments overcome her usual “ *gaieté de cœur* ; and she soon succeeded, by her animated

conversation, in raising her mother's spirits and forgetting her own regrets.

In the feelings of Rosa many of my young readers will, I doubt not, recal to mind what they have themselves experienced on leaving a happy home. Those who are young have sorrows and pleasures peculiar to their years, and, however trivial they may appear to those of a more mature age, yet they are felt and deplored as keenly as the most serious misfortunes are lamented by those who have lived longer in the world. But youth has this advantage over age,—its pleasures are ever remembered,—and so deeply engraved on the tablets of memory that years even do not efface them; while sorrow, though deeply felt at the moment, is soon forgotten. How different with age! At that period of life it is too often the reverse. The aged are too apt to dwell on present evils, forgetful of the happiness and blessings of which they are in the constant enjoyment.

On the arrival of our family party at an hotel in London, where they were to wait for the

sailing of the steam-packet, Lady de Clifford had the unexpected pleasure of meeting her son Henry, for whom they had lately purchased a cornetcy in the Light Dragoons. His uncle, Sir Edward Montague (who had married Lady de Clifford's younger sister), was colonel of the regiment, and, having no son, he had early attached himself to his nephew, a fine manly youth, who soon shewed a decided predilection for the profession, in which his uncle had so highly distinguished himself; and, after some hesitation on his mother's side, he was allowed to enter the army.

Lady Montague, who had not seen her sister for some time, accompanied her nephew to London; and, though shocked at perceiving the ravages illness had made in Lady de Clifford's still beautiful countenance, she yet trusted, like the rest of her family, that a purer air and a more salubrious climate would restore her.

But Lady Montague's buoyant and elastic disposition never allowed her to look on the dark side of any thing. With her all was "couleur

de rose ;” and she vainly tried, during the few days passed with Lady de Clifford, to elevate her spirits. But, as the time approached that must separate her from her son, her sister, and her country, she appeared more than ever to feel regret at being thus obliged to exile herself from those so dear, in search of health, the hope of attaining which too often proves a delusive one to the sufferer.

The courier having announced the unwelcome intelligence (to all but Rosa) of the sailing of the steamer, the Lord Melville, on the following morning, every necessary preparation was made for their departure. The parting between the sisters we will pass over, and will convey our party at an early hour to the Tower-stairs, when the usual scene of confusion took place among the wherries, to the great alarm of Rosa and her mother. But at length the boat they were in got clear of the others, and they were soon conveyed, with the usual dexterity of the Thames watermen, within view of the steamer.

While Rosa was for the first time contem-

plating so closely the huge unwieldy vessel that was shortly to convey her from her native country, she became so absorbed, that she was not aware of the near approach of a boat, that, with the advantage of two rowers, (a man servant having an oar,) was approaching and rapidly passed them. At the stern was seated a remarkably handsome young man, wrapped in his boat-cloak. As he passed he surveyed the party, and his eyes appeared unconsciously to fix on the sweet countenance of Rosa, who, blushing, immediately turned aside her head.

Notwithstanding, however, the wherry had got a-head, and had distanced the one Lord de Clifford was in, either from the dexterity of his waterman, or want of skill in the other, their boat was the first to reach the steamer, though that of the young man closely followed. Rosa, when going up the steps of the ladder on the side of the vessel, would not allow any one to take the charge of a favourite little terrier that had been permitted to accompany her in her travels, but, taking him under her arm, she

attempted to mount the ladder. The dog, finding himself uneasily held, struggled violently, and in endeavouring to escape from his bondage, slipped through her arm and fell into the water.

Rosa screamed, and, in the effort to recover him, would probably have fallen herself, had not Henry, who had accompanied them on board, caught her arm at the moment that her little favourite, Snap, was rescued from the probable consequence of his awkward plunge by the gentleman in the wherry behind, who, on perceiving the accident, started forward at the risk of upsetting the boat he was in, and seized the animal as he rose after his immersion in the water, receiving at the same time a violent blow on the arm from a wherry that was closing in. The dog was soon restored to its mistress, who was most grateful for the restoration of her favourite.

Lord de Clifford, who from the deck of the steamer had witnessed the accident, and had seen the concussion of the two boats, was aware

that the stranger must have been hurt by the blow he had received, and he immediately on his coming on board expressed his fears that he had suffered from his exertions in saving the terrier. The gentleman, however, appeared to think it of so little consequence, that Lord de Clifford said no more on the subject.

As I now consider my heroine as fairly launched into the world, and as (like the author) she is to be judged by that world according to her merits, I must premise that the events I am going to relate will be more circumstantially told than those I have hitherto mentioned. That they may prove interesting to my readers I most fervently hope and desire, as on that will depend the success of a work which has no other claim to the indulgence of the public.

Lady de Clifford and Rosa, immediately upon their coming on board, had taken their seats on a bench under the awning, where they were soon joined by Henry and his father.

“I should like to know,” said the latter, “the



name of the very gentleman-like young man who so dextrously, and at some risk to himself, saved poor Snap."

"Gentleman-like!" exclaimed Henry, "you are very moderate, my dear father, in your terms of approbation; for he strikes me as being one of the handsomest men I have seen for some time."

"Moderation, dear Henry, is the characteristic of my age; enthusiasm that of yours. Our expressions, therefore, may to each appear to border on the extreme, though I am willing to agree with you that he is handsome; indeed, his appearance and manners were such as to make me desirous of learning his name."

"That is a piece of information easily acquired, for there is his servant with his luggage, and I shall take the liberty of asking him the question." No sooner said than done; for scarcely had he finished the sentence ere he was gone.

"You were not a bad judge of a gentleman-like appearance," he continued on his return,

addressing his father. "His servant has just informed me his name is the Hon. Arthur Monteith, brother to the peer of the same name, and, as he will be your fellow-passenger, I have only to hope he may prove as agreeable as his personal appearance is prepossessing."

At this moment the friends of the passengers were ordered to leave the vessel, as the steamer was now being unmoored. Henry took a hasty farewell of his beloved relatives, and was soon seen waving his hand to his mother and sister from the boat which was conveying him to shore.

The acquaintance that, so inauspiciously to Rosa's little favourite, had begun between the de Cliffords and the stranger, was not allowed to drop by Lord de Clifford, who, on the first opportunity, addressed him in conversation, which, by degrees, became more general, Lady de Clifford and her daughter occasionally joining. After a few remarks, which (like that of the weather on land) usually on board a packet relates to the wind, and the length of the voyage, the little party began to be more

sociable as the character of their new acquaintance developed itself, and both Lord and Lady de Clifford considered themselves fortunate in meeting with a *compagnon de voyage* so agreeable and intelligent.

“ You mention having visited the continent last year,” said Lord de Clifford ; “ may I ask what part of it ?”

“ I was chiefly in France and Italy, and, at the latter end of the war, with the army in the Peninsula. I fear it is *that* which has given me a love of roaming and change ; and I find it gain upon me the more I encourage it. I only returned last autumn to England, and am again tempted to leave it through the persuasion of a friend, who wishes me to accompany him on a tour he purposes making : indeed, I expect him soon to join me on board at Greenwich, where he intends to meet the steamer, he having been on a visit to some friends in Kent. You may probably be acquainted with Lord Elmsworth, if not personally, perhaps by name ?”

“ By name I certainly am, as he is an inti-

mate friend of my son's; they were at Eton together, and, I believe, last winter met at Florence."

"At Florence," rejoined the stranger; "in that case *I* must also have the pleasure of your son's acquaintance, as Elmsworth and I are of the same standard at Eton, and I also passed some months at Florence last year. Will you allow me to ask the name of your son?"

"De Clifford," answered his father; "he is attached to our *ambassade* at the court of Florence."

"Your son is indeed well known to me, and perhaps the name of Monteith may be as familiar to you as that of Elmsworth; for though two or three years de Clifford's seniors, we were under the same tutor at Eton, and during our stay there lived much together. Is he still in Italy?"

"Oh, no," answered Rosa, "he is now at Paris, where I hope soon to meet him. It is some years since I have seen him, and much of the pleasure I expect to derive from our tour

will arise from enjoying the society of my dear brother."

"The gratification will be mutual," returned Monteith, "for often have I heard him mention his sister with a brother's warmest love. I used to tell him he was partial. But," he added, in a low voice, that did not prevent Rosa hearing him, "I shall not in future be inclined to think him so."

A long pause in the conversation allowed our heroine to admire the varied beauties which our magnificent Thames presents to the eye at every bend of the river; beauties which had been hitherto overlooked by Rosa, so much had she found herself interested in the conversation of their new acquaintance. But the eye soon tires with the constant succession of objects as they are rapidly passed, and she turned to take a survey of the numerous passengers that were on board.

There was one who particularly engaged her attention. He was a young man, in apparently very bad health, and whose extreme melancholy

attracted the notice of every one, as it gave the idea that his illness proceeded from some mental cause. Mr. Monteith being seated accidentally by him, with the freedom allowed on board a packet, soon entered into conversation, and by degrees learnt from himself that the delicate state of his health obliged him to winter in a warmer climate than England, and that his father, Sir William Rowley, wished him to make a trial of the south of France, previous to going to Italy. Lady de Clifford, who was suffering from the effects of a long illness, and, like this melancholy young man, was seeking in another country the restoration of the blessing, health, felt particularly attracted towards Mr. Rowley, the more so as she remarked that he was without a friend or companion, though attended by a servant apparently much devoted to him, but who could not be any society to an invalid traveller, who, under such circumstances, must ever find himself a solitary insulated being in a country he is unacquainted with.

The packet was now fast approaching Green-

wich, and Mr. Monteith, who was looking out for his friend, soon descried the small boat which he was in, lying on her oars awaiting the passing of the Melville.

To many who were unacquainted with the powerful machinery of our steamers it was a matter of surprise, as it was to Rosa, the quickness and dispatch with which the new passengers were put on board, and the vessel proceeded on her voyage.

The friends continued for some time conversing with each other, after which Mr. Monteith requested leave to introduce Lord Elmsworth, as the friend of their son, to Lord and Lady de Clifford. This being done, he took his seat among them, and soon appeared to consider himself as one of their party.

Those only who have been a voyage such as I am describing, can be aware how soon a certain degree of intimacy may be formed between perfect strangers, when thrown into a situation where they are mutually dependent on each other ; more particularly in such a case as this,

where the parties, though hitherto personally unknown, had a connecting link in the intimacy existing between de Clifford and the two friends.

Thus Rosa felt in a short time as if she had known Mr. Monteith and Lord Elmsworth for months instead of hours. The conversation of both was agreeable and entertaining. For the first time in her life, Rosa found herself the object of those "*petits soins*" which must ever be flattering and agreeable from two handsome young men, and are naturally called forth from one sex to the other when a young person is situated as she was; though I will not pretend to deny that perhaps their attentions were increased by the youth and beauty of the object of them. So happy, indeed, was our heroine, that when she saw the preparations making for the cold dinner which Lord de Clifford had brought with him, and which the fine weather allowed them to have on deck, she could scarcely believe the hours had passed so rapidly.

Lord Elmsworth, who appeared a gay, happy,



laughing, character, entertained himself with every thing and person on board, and, without their being aware of it, made every one by turns his *but*. An elderly plain-looking French woman, with a very dark complexion, was seated on the bench near him, and particularly entertained him, from the care she took of a large French silk bonnet, which had originally been a very smart one, but was now completely *passé*. Lord Elmsworth comically entered into her fears, lest the intense heat of the sun should fade it. His bad French made his conversation still more ludicrous; and, although Lady de Clifford and her daughter were silent, yet it was almost impossible for them to repress an occasional smile.

“Ce bonnet est capital, Madame,” said Lord Elmsworth to the French woman, “et je vous admire beaucoup dedans.”

“Pardonnez, Monsieur,” replied the Frenchwoman, “ce n’est pas un bonnet.”

“Not a bonnet! then what the devil is it? A coal-scuttle, I should say, from its appear-

ance, and perhaps," added he, turning to Monteith, "the contents of the coal-scuttle would well represent the colour of her face."

"C'est un chapeau, Monsieur," rejoined the Frenchwoman, who had been attentively listening to what his lordship was saying, apparently trying to understand him. "Dans ma langue, cela ne se dit pas bonnet. Mais apparemment, Monsieur ne parle pas très bien le François."

"Je le parle assez, Madame, pour faire l'amour à toutes les Françaises, et pour tomber en amour avec eux," answered Lord Elmsworth, bowing to the lady with the faded bonnet.

"Monsieur est très galant, à ce qu'il me paroît," she replied, smiling, and appeared to think he intended to practise his "savoir faire l'amour" with her. But Lord Elmsworth's gallantry did not extend so far; and the dinner being announced as ready, to which both himself and Monteith had been previously invited, the conversation with Madame (which had been so entertaining to others as well as himself) terminated.

On approaching the Nore, Lady de Clifford found it necessary, from the unpleasant motion of the vessel, to retire to her carriage, leaving her daughter, who appeared anxious to enjoy the beauties of the evening as long as possible on deck, under her father's care. Having taken the seat near Rosa, which had been vacated by Lady de Clifford, Mr. Monteith said, "I have been vainly trying, Miss de Clifford, to trace a likeness between you and your brother, but I can find none ; though, strange to say, the countenance of your father, or rather the expression of it, appears perfectly familiar to me, yet it is certainly not from any resemblance to Mr. de Clifford.

"My son bears no resemblance to me or Rosa," replied Lord de Clifford ; "he is indebted to his mother's family for his good features, which he inherits from them." A sigh, which he found it impossible to suppress, followed these words. The painful past recurred with all its mortifying circumstances to his recollection. He was now going to visit the country in which

his divorced wife had, for many years, concealed herself; and late events had likewise made him desirous of discovering her retreat, with the view of establishing the probable succession of her son to the family estates and honours. These, with other unwelcome thoughts, kept him silent for some time, while Monteith continued to amuse Rosa by the agreeable variety of his conversation, displaying an energy of character and intellectual powers which both dazzled and surprised the youthful and unsophisticated mind of our heroine.

But, however agreeable may be the party, we have an enemy at sea, which (to those who are not habituated to that uncertain element) seldom allows us to enjoy for any long period the society of our friends. So it was with Rosa. The steamer had hitherto kept within sight of the coast of Kent, but on its approaching that well-known beacon to mariners, the North Foreland, she prepared to cross the channel, and a strong breeze springing up against her, the vessel began to roll in a manner by no means

pleasant to the landmen and passengers on board. Rosa had soon reason to be convinced that “there is no pleasure without pain ;” for, joining her mother in the carriage, she found her sufferings, from sea-sickness, more than equivalent to the pleasures of the day. In a few hours, however, they had the satisfaction of hearing that the flag was up at the pier-head, and, consequently, that there was sufficient water to allow the *Melville* to enter, and, in a short time, the steamer was safely anchored in Calais harbour.

There, for the present, I will leave my heroine and her family. A landing at Calais having been so often described in various ways, in numberless works, I shall not attempt it in this, but will settle Lord de Clifford and his party at the *Hôtel de Bourbon*, which I will venture strongly to recommend to any of my English readers who visit that port.

## CHAPTER V.

“ To some a kind of loveliness belongs,  
Which painters cannot give, or poets’ songs ;  
Not quite commanding beauty, but below  
The scale that critics fix—or artists know.  
Something not soon forgotten, and which leaves  
That image on the heart the eye receives,  
Of strange mysterious power—a form—a face,  
Where careless negligence seems studied grace ;  
An eye of liquid blue, whose wandering beams  
Haunt all our thoughts and rule us in our dreams—  
A nameless witchery, that wins and blinds  
The wise as firmly as the weakest minds.”

THE party, with the exception of Monteith, all met the next morning at breakfast, apparently quite recovered from the fatigues of their voyage. Lord and Lady de Clifford heard, however, with regret, that Mr. Monteith’s arm, from the blow he had received when rescuing Snap, had swelled to such a degree, and caused so much pain, that he had been obliged to consult a sur-

geon, and that it was impossible for him and Lord Elmsworth to leave Calais that day.

Lord de Clifford had previously determined to give a day's rest to Lady de Clifford ; and, on finding that his new friends were likely to be detained from so unpleasant a cause, he requested them to join his family party, to which they cheerfully agreed.

Monteith did not make his appearance till late in the afternoon ; and, on entering the drawing-room, found Rosa alone, occupied in writing letters to her brother Henry and Lady Montague, by the return packet, her father having walked out with Lord Elmsworth. On seeing his arm in a sling, she expressed her regret at being partly the cause of his accident, from the heedless manner in which she had suffered Snap to fall.

“ Allow me to assure you, Miss de Clifford, that so far from regretting the accident, I feel most grateful to my little friend Snap for having been the occasion of it.”—On seeing Rosa look surprised at this assertion, he added,—“ To the

fall of your little favourite, and my being, in a slight degree, instrumental in saving him, I am indebted for making the acquaintance of your family; an acquaintance which I trust I shall be permitted to cultivate; and, though I can scarcely hope it will be allowed from any individual merit of my own, yet my intimacy with your brother will, I trust, prove a passport in my favour."

"I am certain," replied Rosa, "that, independent of the obligation we are under to you on your own account, as well as being my brother's friend, my father and mother will ever be happy to renew their acquaintance with you. We shall probably meet again at Paris. Do you purpose making a long stay there?"

"It depends entirely on Elmsworth, who is a most uncertain being in his plans. But, probably, Mr. de Clifford being there will tempt us to remain longer than we originally intended to do."

He then continued to talk to her of her bro-



ther, a subject most interesting and animating to Rosa. She heard from him many entertaining particulars of de Clifford, during the preceding winter at Florence. She longed to question him on the subject of the lady to whom he was supposed to be attached, but she feared their short acquaintance did not license her speaking to him on such a subject. Monteith, however, soon led to it himself, by saying—

“Your brother, Miss de Clifford, is much admired by the Florentine ladies, who all think him remarkably handsome—*mais il court de belle en belle*, though they do say, *qu’il revient toujours à ses premiers amours*.—If it is so, I must think his taste very bad.”

“Do you allude to Lady Louisa Fitzhamond?” asked Rosa. “I have heard there were fears my brother would be drawn in to marry her.”

“God forbid!” exclaimed Monteith; “his worst enemy could not wish him a more miserable fate. I know it was thought by many of

his friends, that she might ultimately succeed in her views on your brother ; her influence was certainly great. But, fortunately, Mr. de Clifford's sudden recal to England by your father, and leaving Florence at the moment that Lady Louisa was absent from it, probably prevented any *éclaircissement* between them, which must be considered as most fortunate ; for she is as artful and designing as she is handsome in person and elegant in manners."

At the very time Rosa would have given the world to have continued it, the conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of her father, and, shortly after, of the rest of the party. As soon as dinner was concluded, they seated themselves at the open window, which overlooked the street, and was near the Grande Place. The scene was varied by the gay festive dresses of the peasantry ; and our heroine was much entertained by the variety of costumes (so new to her), that were successively passing, from the wealthy *bourgeoise* to the *paysanne*,

decked out with her long ear-rings, and her cross and heart of gold drawn through a black ribbon.

“ I have often heard it remarked,” said Lord de Clifford, “ that our peasantry are the happiest in Europe ; if I were to judge from appearances here, I should begin to doubt it.”

“ You would doubt it still more,” answered Monteith, “ if you were to travel through the kingdom of the Netherlands. But you cannot judge from seeing a single town or village, as there are scarcely any two of the provinces that have the same manners or customs, and even many of them have not the same language. I consider the peasantry of that country as particularly affluent and happy. Here you see them under all the advantages of what by that class is considered wealth, and which is derived from the high price they get for every article of living in a town where there is such an influx of strangers. But in some parts of France, which I have visited, the misery and wretchedness of

the poor peasant is most great ; though every year since the peace I consider their state has been improving."

" Pray, Monteith," asked Lord Elmsworth, " when were you in Belgium ?"

" I joined my mother there during the long illness my brother had in that country, on his return from Switzerland."

" By the bye, Arthur," replied his Lordship, " I fully expected at that time to have heard of you as an elder son. But I fear, my dear fellow, you are fated to remain a younger one, and marry a rich old widow."

" Pray marry me to a young one, if you are determined it is to be a widow. But," added Monteith, with an unconscious sigh, " poverty and riches unite badly together, and I fear I am too proud ever to be indebted to my wife for the bread I eat."

" You forget, Monteith," replied Lord Elmsworth, " that a superabundance of love will overcome all scruples of that kind, and it is far

better to feast in a palace than starve in a cottage."

"Why starve? Cannot competence and love be enjoyed in a cottage, in preference to misery and riches in a palace? But *you* talk like an elder brother born to a fine estate, and I, like a "*scorpion*" of a younger brother, with nothing but my pay to support love upon. I think it better, therefore, with my feelings, neither to court the rich widow you propose my taking, nor marry the unportioned beauty my wayward heart would most likely, out of opposition, be inclined to select."

"You have, as a younger brother, however, many advantages over us elder ones," resumed Lord Elmsworth. "You are at least certain, when you do marry, that love, pure unadulterated love alone, actuates the lady you make choice of. Now, with us, how do we know but that our rank and riches may not have weighed heavily in the balance of the fair one's favour?"

"Hard, indeed, would be your fate," said

Lady de Clifford, “ if such was to be case with all elder brothers, and dearly would you pay, in my opinion, for the adventitious advantages you may possess. But let us hope that the generality of our sex are far different from what you appear to think them, and whenever Mr. Monteith and Lord Elmsworth are tempted to make a choice, I trust that *one* may meet with love and the happy competence united which he appears to seek, and that *the other* will find a woman who will love him for his personal merit, and not for the false glitter of the rank, title, and fortune, that surround him.”

This speech of Lady de Clifford’s terminated the conversation, as she immediately proposed to her daughter to retire for the night, as they were to leave Calais early in the morning.

Why did Monteith and Rosa feel a depression of spirits after this conversation, that neither the one nor the other could understand ? I will leave it to my readers to account for it, as Monteith soon forgot it in preparations for the

morrow's journey, settling his bills, &c. &c. ; and Rosa satisfied herself it was regret that so amiable a man was never likely to marry, from his limited income not allowing him the means to support a wife.

The following morning, after an early breakfast, Lord de Clifford and his family set out for Paris. The gentlemen had preceded them by a couple of hours, and as they purposed being at the same hotel, Lord de Clifford requested them to secure apartments for his family previous to their arrival.

As nothing occurred on the journey worth mentioning except the delight experienced by Rosa, and which every young person must feel when they first travel through a foreign country, with whose manners, customs, &c. they are unacquainted, I will at once transport my heroine and her family to the Hôtel de Mirabeau, Rue de la Paix, where a handsome suite of apartments, *au premier*, had been engaged for them by Mr. Monteith. The drawing-room

overlooked the street, and the delighted Rosa felt she should never wish to leave so charming a residence as Paris.

Lady de Clifford was soon so much better, and had apparently gained so much strength, that she began to look forward to the possibility of enjoying with her family the numerous sights that are so well worthy of being seen in that capital ; and trusted that, by moderation, she should not suffer from fatigue. Shortly after their arrival, she had sent their letters of introduction with their names to the English ambassador's, and had likewise immediately sent to Mr. de Clifford's apartments to inform him of their having reached the French capital. But the answer returned was, that he was gone for three days to Versailles ; and, not knowing his address, they were obliged to wait patiently for his return. In the course of the following day, however, Rosa, as she was standing near the open window, suddenly found herself encircled in the arms of her brother Hugh, the loved companion of



her early years. They were mutually surprised at the change in each other's appearance, and each silently looked and admired the person of the other. "How handsome you are grown, dearest Hugh!" exclaimed Rosa; "never should I have known you for the tall slim lad you were when I last parted from you."

"And if I am altered, dear Rosa, what do you say of yourself?—Is it possible, think you, to recognize that little tiresome, wilful child, that from her earliest youth was the plague of my life, in the tall, lovely, blue-eyed girl I now see before me? Well, I am not sorry to find *que vous êtes présentable*, and that I may venture to shew you off occasionally in the Tuilleries. But when will my kind *belle mère* return? I learnt from the *Suisse*, below, that both she and my father are out."

The conversation then turned on their mother's illness, and Rosa passed two happy hours with her brother before the return of her parents. Hugh was affectionately greeted by Lord and Lady de Clifford; the latter hav-

ing persuaded his father to forget for the present the many causes for displeasure that existed between him and his son; and the happy family party therefore met without a frown or reproach. Could parents but learn to know and feel the bad consequences of ill-timed reproof, and oftentimes ill-judged severity, even when most deserved, they would, I am convinced, often draw by kindness the stray lamb back to the fold, which is driven from it by too rude a treatment. Youth is headstrong and soon offended, and, while the full heart of the repentant child is often awaiting the moment of acknowledging all its errors, too frequently the stern parent chills the first effort of return to virtue by anger and harshness, and drives his son to seek abroad, and perhaps in vice, the kindness denied him under his paternal roof. So it was with Hugh de Clifford: he felt that his conduct had been thoughtless, and deserving of reproof—nay, even severity; and, when he met the kind and affectionate pressure of the hand given by his

father, his full heart at that moment overflowed, and he longed for the opportunity, like the returned prodigal, to acknowledge his errors, and to beg a parent's pardon.

The next day Lady de Clifford took an opportunity, when they were by themselves and not likely to be interrupted, to ask Mr. de Clifford if he had attended to the wish expressed by his father, (in a letter to him some months before,) that he would make, during his residence in Italy, enquiries relative to Lady Ellis, and if the place of her retreat was known on the continent.

“ You are not, perhaps, aware, my dear Hugh,” continued Lady de Clifford, “ that, since your father wrote to you, Lord Trelawney (for Mr. Graham had succeeded to his mother's title) has lost his eldest son; the youth never recovered the accident he met with at Harrow, and his life was ever after one of uninterrupted suffering; his younger brother, has, you know, long shewn symptoms of decline, and poor Lord Trelawney, is, I fear, by all accounts, likely to

see this last of his much-idolized children soon taken from him. His age makes it probable he will not long survive them ; in that case you are heir to the title, should your mother be no longer alive."

"Lady Ellis, you mean, Madam," quickly replied Hugh, with a look of indignation. "Never, I beseech you, give that name to the adultress, who forsook her offspring, and heaped shame, bitter shame, on her son! Ah, rather, Madam," taking Lady de Clifford's hand, and imprinting on it a respectful kiss, "claim that title yourself; for have you not been to me the parent a mother's guilt early deprived me of? Am I not indebted to you for the care of my helpless infancy? and, when older grown, and correction was necessary to curb my untoward wilful spirit, did not your mild reproof and gentle influence correct (alas, how imperfectly!) my faults both of temper and disposition? Then, allow me to give to my mother by adoption that name which my heart refuses to give to Lady Ellis."

"Your wish is too flattering, my dear son,

for me to refuse so affectionate a request," said Lady de Clifford, with a voice and manner that well expressed her feelings, "and I will try not to awake those feelings of resentment I ever regret witnessing. We are all the children of error, and ill has your maternal friend, my dear Hugh, inculcated in your early life the forgiveness of injuries—for injured I acknowledge you have been—if you are still unable to repress these vindictive feelings towards a parent, whose errors and misconduct are, I grant you, most great."

"Say, rather, guilt and vice," interrupted Mr. de Clifford; "why qualify, my dear Madam, the terms that wretched woman deserves?"

"I fear," said Lady de Clifford, with a sigh, "I must also concede that to you; but in judging so harshly of Lady Ellis, forget not that it is to the ungovernable passions of your own sex your mother's shame and guilt are to be attributed, and may the sinner and the sin serve as a beacon to her son to avoid the rock her ill-managed, unguided bark foundered on. But to

an Almighty Parent let us leave the judgment due to her fault. As the sin was great, so may we hope and trust will be the mercy shewn."

Here there was a slight pause in the conversation; at the close of which, Lady de Clifford continued it, by asking if he had been able to trace the person they were speaking of.

"Never, nor can I," answered Mr. de Clifford, "hear any thing of her, or her daughter. You will believe there would have been much unpleasant personal feeling in my attempting to make the enquiries myself. I therefore employed a person I could depend on; and in Italy, as well as in most of the capital towns of France, the bankers have all been strictly questioned, as through them only, I thought, I had any hopes of success. But all my enquiries have been fruitless, and it appears to me that, if still alive, Lady Ellis's sole object has been to conceal herself since the death of her husband. Did my father never learn, or make any enquiry, where, and how, the money was placed that was left to her by an uncle?"

“ Yes, he did,” replied Lady de Clifford ; “ the money left to Lady Ellis was chiefly in India bonds, and in our funds. Before her marriage with Sir Charles, it appears, the whole was placed there in her name, and, previous to his death, she employed a broker to sell it all out. This broker died a few weeks afterwards, and, with him, every trace of Lady Ellis and her money.”

Lady de Clifford and Mr. de Clifford continued conversing on this subject some time longer ; but, as that part of it most interesting to my readers has been related, I will not give them the remainder of the conversation. Lady de Clifford, on Rosa’s return from her drive, accompanied her daughter to dress for dinner, Lord Elmsworth and Mr. Monteith being engaged to meet their Eton friend.

There are few young men but must have experienced the pleasure of meeting friends and schoolfellows in a foreign country ; their faults are forgotten, and you become friendly and sociable with men whom, probably, in your own

country, you would scarcely recognise but by a passing bow. But, in this case, where a sincere regard was mutually felt, all parties were delighted at finding themselves thus thrown together, and the dinner passed off most agreeably.

After the ladies had retired, Mr. Monteith mentioned his having that morning met with a friend who was intimately acquainted with Mr. Rowley, the gentleman they had met on board the steam-packet. "He told me," continued Mr. Monteith, "many interesting particulars of his friend, of whom he speaks in the highest terms, and he has accounted, in some degree, for Mr. Rowley's ill health and melancholy appearance. In short, he describes him as a most amiable character, and appeared so anxious I should call upon him, from his having few acquaintance here, that I am tempted, Elmsworth, to make you do a good-natured action, (which you are often inclined to do, but allow your indolence sometimes to get the better of you), and take you with me to Rowley's to-morrow morning."



“ I shall be happy to go with you,” said Lord Elmsworth, “ but first put me *au fait* of the poor fellow’s history, that I may look sentimental if necessary ; and, if a lady’s in the case, I will immediately abuse all the fair coquettes, and rail at them without mercy.”

“ Oh, spare them, I pray you,” said Hugh, “ for the sake of one who, by her agreeableness and amiability, redeems the character of all.”

“ Indeed !” said Lord Elmsworth, “ and pray who is the lady for whom de Clifford thus stands forth as champion to the whole race of coquettes, alias jilts ?”

Hugh was silent. “ Can you solve this mystery, Monteith ?” asked Lord Elmsworth.

Monteith evidently appeared not to wish to answer this interrogation, and, after a moment’s silence, replied, “ as I dislike coquettes, and detest coquetterie, I doubt whether I am acquainted with the lady alluded to.”

“ But do you, really, mean to say, Arthur,” replied de Clifford, “ that you disapprove of a

little harmless flirtation in the other sex as well as ours?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Monteith, "for I scarcely know an instance where the heart is not perverted by it. With us, it makes us grow callous, cold, and selfish; and in women, it ends too often in loss of fame and character; as, depending too much on the coldness of their hearts, and trusting to their want of feeling, they find themselves at last the dupe of some man who considers such characters as fair game. In short, I acknowledge such are my principles and opinions on the subject, that I ever avoid the woman who loves but to deceive, and whose bright talents, given her by nature for better and worthier purposes, are employed to ensnare the weak, and render miserable and wretched those, who, dazzled by the bright meteor that seeks to attract them, forget the danger, until they are thrown aside and forgotten as soon as her paltry vanity is gratified by securing them as lovers."

Mr. de Clifford did not, apparently, much

approve of the opinion given by his friend ; but, perhaps, wishing to give another turn to the conversation, he replied, “ We all know Monteith to be a most conscientious person. Did you ever hear, Elmsworth, the story that happened to him at Eton. He arrived there fresh from Scotland, the thorough knowledge of right and wrong having been well drubbed into him by his lady mother. Shortly after his arrival an unfortunate fellow stole some apples, and then denied the theft. Monteith persuaded the boy to go and acknowledge his fault, for which he got, poor wretch ! a sound drubbing, and, I verily believe, he became, in consequence, ever after the greatest thief and liar in the whole school.”

“ Certainly,” answered Monteith, smiling, “ I must acknowledge I was not successful in that, my first essay, of trying to prove to my younger companions the advantages of truth and probity ; but,” added he, with rather a sly look at Hugh, “ *you* must own, however, I was not equally unsuccessful in my other attempt.”

“ No,” replied de Clifford, warmly ; “ that I

will acknowledge, and to you, Arthur, I shall ever feel indebted for saving me from a fault that, in after life, I should have blushed for. Therefore, here's my toast, gentlemen," laughingly added de Clifford, filling his glass, "Scotch principles and English honesty!"

"Before I drink the toast," said Lord de Clifford, "pray let me know the story that appertains to it."

"It is too long," replied his son; "besides, however willing I may be to blazon forth a friend's merit, in this instance, I am aware that I should be obliged to be my own trumpeter. I must, therefore, be silent, and you must be satisfied with knowing that Monteith proved himself a sincere friend to me."

"You deal in mystery to day, Hugh," answered his father, and here the conversation ended, as the gentlemen soon after joined the ladies in the drawing-room.

Lord Elmsworth and Mr. Monteith continued to join Lord de Clifford's family party of an evening for a week or ten days after Hugh's

arrival. Lady de Clifford, still feeling unequal to venture out to any of the public amusements, was satisfied with the little party at home, which had latterly been occasionally increased by the addition of Mr. Rowley, with whom Lord de Clifford seemed much pleased. Rosa's unaffected gaiety and sweet manners were the charm of these little parties, and though the young men had constant engagements, the late hours of Paris, and Lady de Clifford's early ones, allowed them to profit most evenings by the general invitation given them to the Hôtel de Mirabeau.

Hugh soon perceived that his father and mother evidently wished that Elmsworth's apparent admiration of his sister might, by thus constantly witnessing her amiable temper and manners, become of a less wavering character; and in every respect he considered it so suitable a match that he himself felt inclined to promote it as much as possible. He narrowly watched Rosa; but in her he saw nothing that could lead him to think she had any suspicion of the

wishes of her family, or that she liked Lord Elmsworth more than any other agreeable acquaintance.

The truth was, that Rosa did consider him as a most agreeable addition to their evening coterie ; but, had her brother been a little more clear-sighted in another quarter, he would have seen how different her feelings were towards Monteith. She listened to his opinions and to his sentiments as if she was fearful of losing a word or a sentence. She seldom addressed him, and, to a casual observer, her conduct might have appeared that of indifference. But by those better acquainted with the foldings of the female heart, the beginning of that passion which forms our happiness or misery through life might even then have been detected ; although it was unknown to Rosa that she was thus harbouring sentiments which she must be aware would never meet the approbation of her family. But Monteith's strong decided principles, his firm and manly character, his disposition apparently so free from all irrita-

bility, a fault which, much as she loved Hugh, often alarmed her in her brother's temper, made the gentle and timid Rosa consider Monteith as a character almost perfection ; and when, on the party separating of an evening, she retired to her apartment, and recalled to mind the opinions and conversation of Monteith, and allowed them to dwell on her recollection until sleep closed her eyes, she considered it merely as the admiration due to so faultless a character ; for love, she then felt, could only " be by love inspired," and as neither in word nor manner had Monteith ever said, or looked, anything that could give her the slightest reason to think he liked her, the idea had never entered her thoughts.

At the end, however, of ten days or a fortnight, Monteith gradually relaxed in his attendance on their little evening parties. All felt his loss, but more particularly Rosa, who tried in vain to appear as cheerful as she had been previous to his secession. For two days he had not been seen, either morning or evening, by any

of the de Clifford family; when a fine morning in the month of May, which at Paris is generally delightful, tempted Lord de Clifford to propose to his daughter an early walk in the garden of the Tuilleries. Rosa most joyfully acceded to this, as, being accustomed to live in the country, she began to feel the confinement of a town life. Putting on her large Leghorn bonnet, she was soon equipped, and ready to accompany her father. They first strolled into the retired part of the garden, but, fancying they might find it cooler towards the terrace that overlooks the Seine, they turned into the walk leading to it. At a short distance before them they perceived Monteith, sauntering slowly with Mr. Rowley. Rosa and her father soon overtook them, and were immediately joined by the two young men.

Monteith, who was walking by Rosa, after some trifling conversation about the weather, asked her opinion of the Tuilleries. " You know so little of our own capital, Miss de Clifford, that it is scarcely fair to ask your



opinion of this sweet spot when compared to our own Kensington Gardens—though, in fact, they are so different, no comparison can be made between them. But much as I admire Kensington Gardens, and think them superior to these, yet, I know not how it is, whether guided perhaps by fashion, I walk here ten times to once that I do there when I am in London.”

“ I suspect,” replied Rosa, smiling, “ it is the Tuilleries that have lately attracted you so much, that latterly both morning and evening you have been quite an absentee, and we were remarking yesterday to Lord Elmsworth, we had scarcely seen you for some days ; and, although in the same hotel, you are never visible, though your friend is.”

“ Elmsworth is an elder brother, and of course a privileged person,” replied Monteith, with rather a bitter smile.

“ A privileged person ! I really,” answered Rosa, “ do not understand you. But if the *entrée* of our apartments depends on privileges, here comes one who will, I believe, prove that

your privileges are superior to those of your friend," pointing to Snap, who at that moment ran up to greet Monteith, of whom he was extremely fond. "And I believe I may likewise add you have by a few hours the additional privilege of being an older acquaintance than Lord Elmsworth," continued Rosa laughing.

"You have recalled me to my duty," answered Mr. Monteith, "in so friendly a manner, Miss de Clifford, that, if you will allow me, I will begin immediately repenting my past negligence, accompany you and your father back to the hotel, and take that opportunity of calling on Lady de Clifford. Indeed, it was my intention to have mentioned to her, the first time I had the pleasure of meeting your family, the necessity of putting your plan of visiting Le Théâtre François immediately into execution, as I heard last night that in less than a fortnight their best tragedians will leave Paris on their summer leave of absence. You will regret, I am certain, if any delay prevents your seeing

their great tragic actor. I saw him last night, and was really fascinated."

"What was the name of the piece you saw acted?" asked Rosa.

"Marie Stuart," replied Monteith; "and though Mademoiselle Duchesnois unfortunately wants the charm of beauty, so necessary to make the character *de Ma Reine* interesting, yet she gives it by her fine acting a feeling and pathos that are not easily described or soon forgotten; and, though I have ever considered Mary of Scots in heart, as well as education, a Frenchwoman, yet I almost fancied myself in the gardens of Fotheringay, when she apostrophised my own dear native Scotland."

"As you seem so enthusiastic, perhaps," said Rosa, "you can recollect the lines."

"You will laugh at me, Miss de Clifford, when I tell you my enthusiasm led me to rise early this morning, walk to a bookseller's, and purchase the tragedy, and having read over the scene several times, I can, I believe, repeat it

very accurately." He then in a low voice, and perfect French accent, repeated the following lines :—

“ Et si ce n'est qu'un songe, ah ! laisse moi du moins,  
Soulevant un moment ma chaîne douloureuse,  
Rêver que je suis libre et que je suis heureuse.  
Ne respire-je pas sous la voûte des cieux ?  
Un espace sans borne est ouvert à mes yeux.  
Vois-tu cet horizon qui se prolonge immense ?  
C'est là qu'est mon pays ; là l'Ecosse commence.  
Ces nuages errans qui traversent le ciel  
Peut-être hier ont vu mon palais paternel.  
Ils descendent du nord, ils volent vers la France,  
Oh ! saluez le lieu de mon heureuse enfance !  
Saluez ces doux bords qui me furent si chers,  
Helas ! en liberté vous traversez les airs.”

“ They really are beautiful,” said Rosa, “ and even I, who am born on the wrong side the Tweed, can enter into your feelings. The lines appear even more appropriate and pleasing from our being at this moment inhabitants of the country she so fondly regretted.”

Rosa, after this conversation, was most anxious to persuade her mother to fix a night for engaging a box at the Théâtre François. And, on her return home, she succeeded in making

Lady de Clifford promise that, if her brother would consent to take charge of herself and Rosa, she would go. Lord de Clifford, not understanding French sufficiently well to make a play interesting, declined going. Mr. Monteith and Mr. Rowley were asked to dinner, and the evening passed in the same cheerful manner the former ones had done.

On returning the next morning from their drive, Rosa was overjoyed to find among the tickets left by some morning visitors, an invitation from the English Ambassador and his Lady, to a ball for the following Monday. Rosa had seen so little of the world, from her extreme youth, that her delight was inexpressible at the idea of going there. For two or three days previous, she could think of nothing else ; and Lady de Clifford, who had lived latterly almost entirely in the country, was surprised to see the girl, who had always appeared so steady and anxious to improve herself, and devoted to the pleasures of a country life, all at once change to such a thoughtless, and she

was almost tempted to think, a dissipated character.

“ Dear Rosa,” said Lady de Clifford to her, the evening of the ball, “ how will you be able to resign yourself, on your return to England, to the quietness and retirement of Baynham Abbey ? Your anxiety about this ball, not forgetting the hours of study your dress has cost you, has really made me think you more like a flirting town Miss, than the gentle quiet Rosa I thought I had known.”

Rosa turned her sweet face half round, with her auburn ringlets, towards her mother, and blushing said, “ But, dear mamma, am I really so unlike myself ? Surely all girls, at my age, have the same joyous happy feeling that your Rosa acknowledges she experiences at the pleasure she anticipates this evening. When you were seventeen, did not a ball and a party delight you as it now does me ?”

Lady de Clifford sighed ; she felt that at that age *she* had many cares which, fortunately, her daughter was exempt from.

“ I was differently circumstanced to you, dear Rosa,” rejoined her mother. “ Your aunt, Lady Montague, was at that time so completely left to my care, that I had no time to think of the gaieties of the world, and perhaps, (I will confess it,) my attachment to your father, very early in life, and our eventual separation, made me soon feel a distaste to that world your bright imagination decks with so many charms. When I married, my heart was so engrossed by your father and my beloved children, that society, far from being a pleasure to me, has often been productive of misery and *ennui*. Thus, my dear girl, I am almost willing to acknowledge I am not a competent judge of your feelings ; and, as I suspect you are anxious to make preparations for your toilette, and Hippolite must not be kept waiting, I shall leave you to get ready for your hair-dresser. Go, therefore, dear Rosa, prepare for your ball—be as happy as you deserve : and win as many hearts as you can this happy evening, as you fancy and expect it will be.” With this in-

junction, which Lady de Clifford playfully added, she kissed Rosa, and left the room.

Rosa mused for a few moments, and then repeated her mother's words—"Win as many hearts as I can, did Mamma say? Ah, I feel careless of the admiration of all but one!—but, do I wish to gain his heart?—and if gained, should I be the happier?—Will Monteith, (supposing he were to have a preference for me,) with his small fortune, will he ever think of marrying a girl without any—and, even then, would my father listen to such a thing, poor as he is? But, however," continued Rosa, trying to shake off the disagreeable feelings that intruded themselves, "I am, fortunately, not in love, neither is Monteith, as his conduct plainly proves: therefore it is useless to think of probabilities and possibilities; and I am determined, this evening, to be as happy as I can, and will do as mamma bids me, try and win as many hearts as I can. But shall I meet him there?" There was another thoughtful pause and a stop, as she was leaving the room. But,



as this eventful evening has occupied so much of my heroine's thoughts, I do not think it would be either correct or doing justice to the ball thus to bring it in at the end of a chapter. I shall therefore request my readers to allow me to devote the following one to the events that occurred, and which I trust will not prove uninteresting to them.

## CHAPTER VI.

Oh lovely bias of the female soul !  
Which, trembling, points to pleasure's distant pole ;  
Which, with fond trust, on flattering hope relies,  
O'erleaps each peril, that in prospect lies,  
And, springing to the goal, anticipates the prize.

*Hayley.*

AT the end of the last chapter, I left Rosa preparing to leave the drawing-room. She was just about to quit it, when the door of the anti-room was thrown open, and in stalked her brother Hugh, apparently excessively out of humour at something that had occurred to annoy him. Without noticing Rosa, whom he had not seen that day, he flung himself on the sofa at full length, and threw his head back, forgetting that, like all the modern French sofas, there was no cushion to secure a soft

repose for the head, but only rich carved mahogany upright sides and back, with which his well curled and well arranged *tête* came into no very gentle contact. He immediately vented his spleen and ill-humour on the inoffensive cause of the blow received.

“Curse the sofa!” exclaimed Hugh, “and all the French devils that invented such d—d uncomfortable plagues. There is no possibility of lolling at one’s ease on them, and forgetting one’s cares on this deceitful cushioned board.”

Rosa could scarcely avoid a smile at her brother’s ill-humour, and the consequences of it; but, knowing his irritability of temper, and how ill he could bear any thing of the kind, she repressed the ill-timed laugh, and merely asked him what occasioned his being so cross.

“Cross!—why, ’tis enough to make the devil, if not an angel, cross—and of the two, dear Rosa, I think I had better compare myself to the latter. There have I been running all over Paris to find some one who could procure me an invitation to the Ambassador’s to night; as

I am well assured my name being omitted in your invitation arose from some confounded negligence of the person who wrote the cards. I happened to meet Monteith, lounged with him on the Tuileries — took an ice at the glaciers on the Boulevards, and we parted for our mutual engagements to dinner. As I was coming into the Hôtel de Mirabeau, I met Courtenay, the attaché, and applied to him to procure me an invitation ; though I almost feared it was too late. He told me it was utterly impossible for him to do any thing of the kind, but asked me why I had not applied to Monteith, with whom he had seen me walking in the morning, as he was the only person likely to get it done for me, from being a near relation, and very intimate with Madame L'Ambassadrice. Thus, after fatiguing myself all the morning in search of some one who could be of use to me, I find I have been passing the best part of the day with the very man who could have done, without difficulty, what I wished. Curse my stupidity !" — continued de

Clifford, knocking his head with his fist—"that I never should think of naming it to him."

"But, surely," said Rosa, "it is not now too late. If he is so near a relative, it may be in Mr. Monteith's power to take you there and introduce you without an invitation. Do you know where he dines?—Surely it is worth the trouble of sending to him, as you are so anxious to go."

"Thank you, my good girl, for that lucky thought. I do know where he dines. Call the laquais de place—in the meantime I will write the note, and despatch him." The laquais de place was accordingly summoned, the note was written and sent, and Hugh's good-humour again returned, and shewed itself in smiles on his fine countenance.

Catching hold of Rosa, he drew her on the sofa by him, gave her a kiss, calling her a good thoughtful girl, who shewed she did not want for sense, in thus helping him out of his difficulties.

"And now, dear Hugh," said his sister,

“ that you are no longer cross, I expect you to tell me why you are so particularly anxious to go to the ball to night, as those amusements are no longer new to you? a ball more or less can be but of little consequence. I begin to suspect there is some young lady in the case.”

“ And why should there not?” returned her brother. “ What interest should we have in dressing and seeking invitations if it were not for the object of pleasing your sex? and I suspect, my sweet sister, much the same reason actuates yours likewise. Can you venture to tell me, without blushing, that Elmsworth has not occasionally crossed your imagination when you have thought of the pleasures of this evening?”

Rosa did certainly blush, but it was not with the thought of Elmsworth; and, feeling unwilling to answer the question put to her, she reminded him how late it was, and the necessity of being ready for Monsieur Hyppolite, the hair-

dresser. She was accordingly allowed to depart.

On her appearance in the drawing-room, when dressed, even Hugh, who was negligently lounging on the unlucky sofa denounced in the early part of the evening, was struck by the lovely appearance of his sister. I believe my heroine has never been hitherto considered of sufficient consequence to think it necessary to describe her personally. My readers must allow me to do so now ; when dress, Parisian taste, and a French femme de chambre have all combined to adorn her. She was of a middling height, rather to be denominated tall, with a slight sylph-like figure, which had a peculiar gracefulness about it that you seldom see, from its being born with those who have the advantage of possessing it,—and, from its being natural, is never affected, which, when artificial, it always is.—Her countenance was an oval, with large sleepy blue eyes, whose long silken eye-lashes veiled the playful arch look that occa-

sionally shot from under them, and her complexion was beautifully fair tinted with the bright glow of health and youth. Her auburn locks curled naturally over her face, and when, united to all this, you saw the look of happiness and innocence that pervaded her lovely countenance, you could scarcely bring yourself to detach your eyes from the sweet face of Rosa, when once they fixed themselves there.

Hugh could not but feel proud of his sister's personal attractions, and he did not attempt to conceal from her the gratification he experienced at seeing her look so well. Feeling assured Monteith's answer would be favourable, he had dressed in expectation of his calling for him ; he therefore allowed his family to depart without him, in better humour than he would probably have been in had he not expected to meet them at the Ambassador's.

Long before Lord de Clifford's carriage reached the Fauxbourg St. Honoré, the string of equipages of all descriptions commenced, and poor Rosa's anxiety and patience were doomed



to a trial of a long hour before they reached l'Hotel de l'Ambassade Britannique. At length the carriage drove into the court, it stopped, the step was let down, and Rosa skipped out of the carriage into the well lighted entrance hall, lined with servants. After disencumbering themselves of their cloaks, &c., they proceeded to the room where the visitors were received.

I will pass over the introduction, &c. &c., and the difficulty of getting beyond the door-way, as those are *désagréments* which only those of my readers who have experienced them can understand. Those who have not visited the gay Parisian metropolis, and who, from circumstances, have never been fortunate enough to be one of the *invited*, will thank me for passing it over.

Lord de Clifford at length succeeded in procuring Lady de Clifford a seat near the fireplace, and Rosa did not object to stand near her mother, as by that means she *saw better*, and perhaps I might add, felt she *was seen better*—for Rosa was possessed of a little female vanity,

as well as most other young ladies. Her hitherto quiet heart had fluttered not a little, on passing through the room, to hear from several people near her, “ who is she ? ” “ what a lovely girl ! ” and, as frequently, “ quelle belle Anglaise ! quelle est charmante ! quel teint éblouissant ! ” Rosa had been for some time taken up entirely with looking about her, and admiring the dress of others, and inwardly criticising her own, which, though handsome, was too much *à l'Angloise*. It was white satin with three flounces of blonde. Previous to her leaving home she had thought it beautiful, but when surrounded by the well dressed Parisian ladies, in their light and gay attire, she began to think it ugly and heavy. Her thoughts, however, soon took another turn ; for in a few moments she was attracted by a conversation between two young Frenchwomen immediately behind her. As I take it for granted all my readers understand that universal language, I do not hesitate to repeat part of the conversation as it passed in French ; as many of the expressions and idioms

would lose by the translation into English, and, perhaps, some of my readers may, like my heroine, be anxious to hear the general style of conversation between two young Parisian ladies. Rosa, never having been in French society before, at first listened from that feeling of curiosity natural to a young person ; but that feeling was considerably increased towards the latter part of their conversation, when she found how nearly those belonging to her were interested in it. But, fearful of being suspected of listening, she steadily kept her head turned on the opposite side, and her back towards them both.

The eldest apparently of the two addressed the one who had previously been standing leaning on the mantle-piece near to Rosa, with—

“ Eh bien, chère Marie, vous trouvez vous fatiguée du bal d’hier ? avouez qu’il étoit charmant ! ”

“ Mais oui,” returned the youngest, addressed as Marie. “ La réunion étoit assez nombreuse. Cependant, je me suis ennuyée à la mort.”

“ Mais pourquoi cela, car vous avez beaucoup  
ennuyé ? ”

“ C’est vrai, chère Pauline, et j’avoue que c’étoit une brillante mélée ; mais il manquoit un je ne sçais quoi—that I cannot describe, but I believe Italy has spoilt me for all society, far from that delightful country. Italie ! chère Italie ! ah, que je vous regrette ! ”

“ Dites, plutôt, Marie, que c’est votre Anglois que vous regrettez ; car, selon moi, il y a tout ce qu’on peut désirer à Paris. ”

Here there was a slight pause ; Marie appeared unwilling to answer the last remark, when Pauline again resumed the conversation. “ Regardez, donc, la toilette de cette jolie Polonaise la Countesse Lowboiska—Cela est d’un effet tout-à-fait nouveau—La connoissez vous ? on me dit qu’ elle est tres repandue dans la société. Cependant elle n’étoit pas chez la Duchesse hier au soir. ”

Si si, elle y étoit, et très bien mise—sa toilette est toujours d’une fraîcheur ! on dit que cet hyver-ci elle aura un succès assuré—aussi c’est une vraie coquette—mais enfin, chère Pauline, la légèreté et la coquetterie sont recon-

nues comme le trait caractéristique des Polonaises, aussi bien que des Françaises ; ainsi il faut nous taire sur ce sujet-là.

“Vous avez raison,” returned her friend, “for as you are decidedly coquette yourself, you must not abuse others. Mais revenons au sujet de votre Anglois. Il n’est pas ici ce soir—l’attendez vous ?”

“Je l’espère,” replied Marie ; “at least he promised he would come—he is so agreeable, and dances so well, that a ball is quite stupid without him.”

“Ah ! ah !” said Pauline, “maintenant je conçois pourquoi le bal étoit si ennuyeux hier. Mais la chère maman, does she allow you to flirt with him ? I thought you told me she was much displeased one evening at seeing you talking to him.”

“C’est vrai, mais maman n’est pas ici ce soir, et papa a la vûe si basse qu’il ne voit rien ; c’est très commode ; therefore I shall venture this evening, and trust to you, Pauline, not to name him before my mother.”

“Volontiers, chère amie; mais dites moi, donc, son nom encore une fois; vraiment, ces Anglois ont des noms à vous faire briser la machoire.”

“*Clifford*,” answered Marie, repeating the name with the French pronunciation, yet perfectly distinct.

Rosa almost started at the name, and became breathless from anxiety and fear, lest she should lose the remainder of the conversation. “Kiflord, Kiflord,” repeated Pauline, pronouncing the last syllable as foreigners generally do lord in French. “Mais, c’est charmant! Entendez un peu comme je le prononce bien.”

“Hush! hush!” answered Marie; “vous allez me compromettre, baissez donc la voix, elle est Angloise,”—and evidently by look and manner she pointed Rosa to her companion.

After a minute’s survey of our heroine’s person and dress, Pauline rejoined, in a lower voice, “On s’apperçoit très bien qu’elle n’est pas Françoise, d’après sa mise et sa tournure—quel mauvais gout! une *jupe* de satin garnie! elle

est vraiment en *demie* toilette, car elle a apparemment oublié sa robe de tulle.”\* At this the two friends laughed immoderately at the wit of Pauline.

Poor Rosa felt ready to sink from vexation, almost amounting to shame. She had hitherto been perfectly satisfied with her appearance, though latterly she had been inclined to think her style of dress was too heavy for a young person, when she compared it with the light and elegant attire of those around her. But never for a moment did her vanity allow her to conceive she was an object of ridicule, or to be laughed at ;—and from feeling a little personal vanity at her appearance that evening, which had been encouraged by the open admiration of her brother, and the silent though pleased looks of her mother, poor Rosa all at once sunk to a state of the deepest mortification, and felt relieved when the conversation between the

\* At Paris, and elsewhere on the continent, the young single women are seldom seen in satin ; and it is only worn by them under their upper dress of gauze or tulle, or crape.

two friends ended by Marie taking hold of her friend's arm, and, gliding past her, the two soon disappeared in the adjoining room.

Rosa's eyes had, however, with intense curiosity followed the figure of the youngest of the two ladies, whose conversation had called forth so much interest. She was anxious to see the face and person of one in whose voice there was something so singularly pleasing and melodious, that for many minutes the sound dwelt on Rosa's ear. The young lady, as well as her friend, was dressed in the extreme of the French fashion, and of course with the greatest taste. She was extremely tall, but, like most French women, slight in figure; she had a pale complexion, where a little art evidently supplied the place of colour, but still it was done too naturally to offend the eye. *Cheveux cendrés*, as the French call it, would, perhaps, have given an uninteresting look to rather good features, and a countenance the expression of which was most pleasing, had not most animated dark grey blue eyes,



whose colour was scarcely to be defined, given a varied expression of softness and sprightliness to the fair possessor. On the whole, the appearance of the young person was singularly attractive to Rosa, and she almost regretted she was not likely to know who she was.

Rosa soon felt tired and uneasy in the spot where she had been so unexpectedly mortified, and, in the hope of meeting either with Monteith or Lord Elmsworth, she persuaded her mother to move, and to go and look at the dancers, in the ball-room, though, from knowing so few gentlemen, Rosa had little hope of partaking in the amusement.

At the entrance of the room they found the door-way so crowded, that it was impossible to attempt to pass. Lord de Clifford, therefore, proposed their reaching the "salle de danse" by going round through the conservatory, which they did; and on entering the ball-room, they found the set of quadrilles had just finished. In a few minutes Rosa saw her brother Hugh lead out to waltz the young French lady,

to whom we have already introduced our readers.

Mr. de Clifford's waltzing was beautiful, and so was that of his fair partner, and numbers stopped to admire and enquire who were the well assorted couple. After the waltz had ended, Lady de Clifford and her daughter, approaching that part of the room where Mr. de Clifford was seated by his elegant looking partner, were joined by Monteith, who enquired of Rosa, as this was her first ball, how she liked it, and if she did not admire the dress of the Parisian ladies. This was rather an unwelcome subject to Rosa, who had still strong in her recollection the laugh of the two friends at her dress,—“ *une jupe de satin garnie !!!*”

“ It certainly is most elegant and light,” said Rosa, “ but I doubt whether we English should ever acquire the same taste, for I suspect dress is the first thought and sole object of French women.”

“ You are rather unkind and severe on them, Miss de Clifford,” answered Monteith, “ though I will acknowledge there is some truth in what

you say. Notwithstanding this, however, they have, and do often call forth, my admiration, and I sometimes regret my countrywomen have not that indescribable *something*, which I cannot find a name for, and which *they* possess."

"I will give you the word," quickly rejoined Rosa, "it is *tournure*; I have lately, to my sorrow, learnt the meaning of that expression."

"It is certainly the word I wanted, and which expresses every thing I mean; but pray tell me why *you*, of all people, have learnt the meaning of the word, to your sorrow?—you," added Monteith, in a lower and softened voice, "whom nature has so highly gifted—and in whom she teaches us that, if *tournure* is *acquired* by a Frenchwoman, it is given by nature to Miss de Clifford."

Monteith had a peculiar manner, when he made this kind of speech to Rosa, that certainly gave to it all the effect he wished; and, though it seldom occurred, yet his lowered voice made her sensible that the feelings and sentiments he expressed were intended for her alone.

To conceal the gratification which she experienced from this compliment, she immediately related to him the latter part of the conversation which she had overheard. Monteith could not help laughing at Rosa having experienced the usual fate of listeners. "I fear, Miss de Clifford, I must acknowledge you deserved your mortification; but, notwithstanding you give me such high authority, I do not retract my first opinion, that what is art with them is nature in you."

"Can you tell me who the young lady is?" asked Rosa. "During the conversation with her friends, who addressed her by the name of Marie, she mentioned having been in Italy. She had, I think, the sweetest and most flexible voice I ever heard. If you look towards the door, you will see her speaking to my brother, with whom she has been dancing."

"I know the lady," replied Monteith, "her name is Mademoiselle de St. Quentin. She is the only daughter of the Comte de la Roche Guyon, and heiress, I understand, to a large

property. Her father had extensive estates in that part of France bordering on Germany, and, I believe, lost a great part of them during the Revolution. She has been highly educated; and, like most Germans, is a wonderful linguist, speaking French, Italian, and German perfectly, and a little English. She is extremely agreeable, and de Clifford, I believe," added Monteith, smiling, "admires her very much. But her mother did not, at Florence, approve of his attentions. Perhaps she does not like the idea of her daughter marrying a foreigner, and a heretic, for I always perceive, when in his company, she is closely watched by the Comtesse de la Roche Guyon, which I do not remark is the case when she is in the society of her own countrymen."

Monteith had scarcely ceased speaking when Rosa saw her brother approaching, with a tall, thin, pale-looking young man, with whom he had been conversing. They were evidently looking for them; for, as soon as de Clifford perceived his mother and sister, he immediately

crossed the ball-room, and, coming up to them, introduced his friend as Mr. Courtenay, one of the attachés to the English embassy.

After the usual curtesies and returned bow had been mutually exchanged, Mr. Courtenay addressed Lady de Clifford in a most conceited manner, and, in an affected tone of voice, that, to Rosa, who had seen so little of the world, appeared perfectly ridiculous, indeed almost ludicrous. But, when he occasionally forgot his assumed character, his conversation shewed that, however he might be led away by the follies too often perceptible in the young men of fashion of the present day, he did not want sense, and with it was combined a slight degree of satire, that also shewed he was perfectly well acquainted with the world.

“Has your ladyship,” he enquired, “ventured to shew yourself among the vulgar crowd, and in the heated atmosphere of the adjoining apartments? It is really insupportable, and far beyond the capability of my nerves to bear. I have, therefore, resigned my place to those

who, less susceptible than myself, can stand it better. I really envy you ladies, for you all appear invulnerable to heat."

"I believe it is acknowledged we do bear the inconveniences attending a crowd better than gentlemen; but the attractions here to-night are very great, as, from the apartments having been so lately magnificently furnished, every one is, of course, anxious to see and to admire."

"Say, rather, to be seen and to be admired," answered Mr. Courtenay; "for that, I believe, is the chief object of the crowd that fills these rooms to-night."

"You, who have been here some time, must, of course, be well acquainted with the individuals that compose the crowd of which you complain. If you are not better engaged, will you kindly tell me the names of those whose personal appearance is rather striking, and who are unknown to me?"

Mr. Courtenay bowed, apparently not unwilling to give the information desired. Lady de Clifford then continued, "Pray tell me who

are those three young ladies whose dress is so unbecoming to their little short figures."

"They are the three elder daughters of seven, of an Irish absentee, who only visits his impoverished country to drain his miserable peasantry and tenants, every year, of sums which he spends in a foreign country, where he is little respected. His daughters have long been on hand, and vainly has he journeyed from Paris to Rome, and Rome to Naples, and from thence back again. No one has yet been tempted to transplant into their family these fair and silly misses. Their dress is, as you remark, most unbecoming. I always long to recommend them either a *coiffeur*, or a *femme de chambre*, for at present their heads look as if cats had been dressing their hair."

"You are inclined to be a little severe," replied Lady de Clifford, smiling, "but, notwithstanding, I cannot resist asking a few more questions. I must, therefore, enquire who is that elderly lady so resplendent in diamonds?"

"I suspect *they* are Irish ones—but are you



unacquainted with the famous Lady Rosshaven, who, having no character to lose in her own country, and rejected by society there, has found at Paris no invidious recollections of the past, and is received every where?"

"Is it possible" exclaimed Lady de Clifford, "that I should see Lady Rosshaven received at our ambassador's?"

"It is certainly possible," rejoined Mr. Courtenay, with a satirical smile playing over his features. "And you will see many others of the same description admitted likewise:—a sort of *cracked ware*, (or, perhaps, I ought to dignify it with the name of *china*,) that, in England, would be removed from the parlour to the housekeeper's room; but, at Paris, where a *name* is every thing, we forget the unsoundness of the article, and think only of the *fashion* and *beauty* it displays. You see there," he continued, pointing to a gentleman near them, "one who has not a single qualification to allow him to be received into good company. Yet here he is known to every body—a bad father,

a worse husband, devoted to the pleasures of the table, and without family, fortune, youth, or morals to recommend him; not that I mean to insinuate the latter is a *requisite* necessary to the introduction of a gentleman, even in our own country, into society; much less, therefore, is it necessary in a capital where vice and immorality neither require nor seek a disguise."

He was here interrupted by Rosa, requesting him to tell her the names of two very slight elegant-looking girls, who had just passed them arm in arm.

"They are cousins," replied Mr. Courtenay, "and are allied to some of the first families in England and Ireland. They have long been known in the circles of Paris by the name of men-searchers. I heard them once compared to greyhounds, from the slightness of their figure, but in scent to old lurchers; and they never cease pursuing any young man of rank or fashion who appears here."

On seeing Lady de Clifford smile at this remark, he added, "Pray do not give *me* credit

for the idea, or simile, whichever you may choose to call it. It is much too good a one for me, who never trouble myself about a parcel of people I am indifferent to. But Paris is the centre and focus of gossip and scandal, and, without the effort of seeking to discover the character of one's acquaintance, there is always a kind liberal set of people who find it out for you."

"I regret, however, Mr. Courtenay, to hear only the characters of those whose acquaintance *I* should consider neither creditable nor advantageous. Cannot you turn over a page in your book of characters, and let me read a few of a more amiable description."

"Willingly," he replied, "and here comes one whose name should be registered first on the clear unsullied page you have bid me turn to. In the Hon. Mrs. Derby is combined excellence in all its various forms. With youth and beauty, she married a man old enough to be her father. She has proved the best of wives, and the best of mothers to *his* children.

She is now introducing into the world his eldest daughter, who appears almost the same age as herself. It is reported that temptation has assailed her in various ways. But, in every situation she has proved herself the superior being she really is; and her amiable character is appreciated by all who are honoured with her acquaintance. Let me also point out to your observation that pretty pleasing-looking girl. She is the daughter of a divorced lady of rank, and disowned by her nominal father. She is brought out at Paris by an aunt, who, though, I believe she is, in character, little better than her sister, claims the right of being received into society, from the trifling circumstance of not having had the honour of her name being brought before the House of Lords. But, notwithstanding all the disadvantages with which this young person has entered life, her conduct, manners, and dress, are as correct, as the mind and heart appear to be innocent and pure."

"I shall be afraid of sullyng the page I have opened in your book, by asking any more ques-

tions," said Lady de Clifford. "Indeed," continued she, "I feel I have been already encroaching too much on the time of one whose numerous acquaintance and friends have so many claims on him at an entertainment like this."

"Oh!" he replied, relapsing again into his usual conceited manner, "I leave all that trouble to the younger ones. And, in regard to dancing in this South American climate, c'est hors du combat."

At this moment Lord de Clifford joined them, and proposed returning home. But, previous to their departure, Lady de Clifford and Rosa were introduced to several families known to her father. Among others, Lord and Lady Courtenay, whose son they had been discoursing with, and Mr. and Mrs. St. Leger and their daughter.

How different were Rosa's feelings on her return from the ball, from what they had been the preceding day, when preparing for it. She now acknowledged the truth of an observation

of her mother's, how much more delightful *pleasure* was in anticipation than in reality.

Before the ball, Rosa had, without any improper degree of vanity, looked forward to a certain degree of admiration ; but more particularly from him whom she could not conceal from herself that she most wished to please. But her disappointments this evening were numerous. Extremely fond of dancing, she had expected to enjoy that delightful exercise during the best part of the evening ; but, unknown and neglected, no one had thought her pleasing enough to seek an introduction. Monteith, on whom she felt she had a claim, had not even hinted a wish to engage her. Her thoughts then reverted to her dress, which she had considered so beautiful and elegant, and which she now discovered was incorrect and improper ; though why it was so, she could not imagine. In short, mortification on every subject most interesting to a young lady attended Rosa's first *début* at this anxiously expected ball.

Such, alas ! has, I fear, been the fate of many a young lady before her. It is probably intended as an early and wholesome lesson to youth, and serves to make them aware how few things in this changeable world reward us for the trouble of the pursuit ; and by being thus repeatedly shown the folly of pleasure, and the disappointment that too generally attends it, we may be led to turn our thoughts to more lasting ones, and seek, in the active duties of our station in life, the sure and sweet reward of a well-spent day.

But how is youth to learn this but by experience ? and that experience Rosa, as my readers will perceive, was daily acquiring ; though, I regret to say, her mortification, this evening, had apparently tended *not* to improve the moral character, but solely her taste in dress, and prompted her to gain an increased knowledge in *les mystères de la toilette*. The unlucky satin dress was carelessly thrown aside when taken off, and it was determined, should immediately take an inferior situation in her

wardrobe, that of an upper slip, and that a new tulle or gauze dress should be ordered the following day to replace it, and to receive the weight of the handsome blonde trimming, which was now considered much too good for this unlucky dress.

Having settled this important matter in her own mind, Rosa hastened to her bed; and, very unlike the heroine of a novel, soon forgot all her fancied sorrows and mortifications in a deep slumber.

On awaking the next morning, she felt rather inclined to be ashamed of the folly and weakness she had shewn the night before. For did not memory remind her, that Monteith had said he admired her native unaffected graces before all the artificial advantages acquired by Mademoiselle de St. Quentin from dress and education? And memory likewise, ever faithful to love, when early they begin their career together, though when the truant god forgets his allegiance and his vows, his more steady companion occasionally deserts the fickle boy, again



brought to her recollection, the tone, the voice, the manner with which the opinion was expressed by him whom she so much respected and admired.

Under the influence of these feelings, Rosa descended to the breakfast-room, in better humour with her ball than she had been on the preceding night. But, on joining her father, she heard with regret that her mother had suffered so much from the heat of the room, that a violent head-ache was the consequence, and she had been unable to rise. As she had forbidden any one disturbing her, Rosa accompanied her brother (who shortly after called) to the Tuileries, and subsequently proceeded to the Champs Elysées ; where, walking under the cool refreshing shade of the trees, Rosa began a conversation that led to naming the lady she had seen him dancing with ; and she smilingly asked him if *she* was the person he had wished to meet at the ball, and where he had first become acquainted with her ?

“ I will acknowledge, dear sister,” answered

Hugh, “ that *she is* the lady I was so anxious to meet. I became acquainted with her family last year at Florence. Her mother desired to be introduced to me, in consequence of a ball they gave on their daughter’s *début* there ; and, as Madame la Comtesse de la Roche Guyon was very civil to me, and asked me frequently to her house, I took the liberty of admiring her elegant daughter, and this the old lady did not approve, and perhaps made me, from a spirit of opposition (which you know is in my nature), shew Mademoiselle de St. Quentin more attention than I otherwise should have done. But she is decidedly a most attractive person. She not only derives great advantage from nature, but her mind is highly cultivated, and she exercises without controul that magical influence, which talent, a most infatuating manner, and some degree of beauty, must ever have over all those who see and live with her. But, with all this, she is a strange medley—*vive et spirituelle* in conversation, nature seems originally to have intended her to have been a very different cha-

racter from what education and the world have made her—in short, she is a person who deeply interests me.”

“ Oh, Hugh ! dear Hugh ! ” exclaimed his sister, “ do not, if she is amiable, do not be too much in her society. You know not how soon you may feel you like her more than my father might approve.”

“ Do not be afraid, Rosa ; much as I admire la belle Marie, and like her society, she is not a person I could ever fall in love with. I am one of those vain selfish fellows that must be loved *uniquement*. I admit of no rival near my throne ; and, as former experience has taught me that *la belle passion* cannot exist without jealousy, I shall not fancy myself in love until I begin to feel the green-eyed monster ; which, notwithstanding Mademoiselle de St. Quentin’s numerous admirers, I can venture to say I have never yet felt towards her.”

“ But why, my dear brother, is it necessary to join that bad passion with one that ought to be so pure ? ”

“ You talk like a simpleton, Rosa, and when you are a little older, and know what it is to have a preference, you will understand that the passion of love, which you thus in your ignorance qualify as pure, is as far from it as possible. But as I perceive that love with you, as it is generally with a young lady of seventeen, is truly ‘ the insipid rose without a thorn,’ I shall leave you for the present your romantic opinions, trusting to time and experience to enlighten your ideas on the subject. I can only say, in regard to la belle Marie and myself, that if it were possible for me ever to be brought to think that Platonic love could exist between two persons of different sexes, I should say it existed between me and Mademoiselle de St. Quentin.”

Lord Elmsworth at this moment rode up to them, and being anxious to shew off to de Clifford the paces of a horse lately purchased, the conversation was not resumed; and, very soon after, Lord Elmsworth, giving his horse to the care of his groom, joined Rosa and her brother.

“Elmsworth,” said de Clifford, “are you inclined to join a party I purpose making to Versailles, to see the water-works? and, as they may not play again while we are at Paris, I wish my mother and sister to see them.”

“I shall have no objection to join your party if I am still here, but Monteith plagues me daily to proceed on our tour, and even threatens to leave me in the lurch, which I am unwilling he should do, as I shall make but a bad hand at travelling by myself. Indeed, I fear that, long before I reached the end of my journey, the devils in their dress of blue would have taken possession of me. But, pray, what will Mademoiselle de St. Quentin say to Monteith’s departure, for he certainly (the present company excepted, you know, de Clifford) *is* her favourite beau?”

At this speech of Lord Elmsworth, poor Rosa certainly began to feel a little twinge of that vile passion which she had so lately deprecated to her brother, and eagerly listened to Hugh’s answer.

“She unquestionably admires him, as all

women must do ; for he certainly is a fine handsome manly fellow, and often recalls to my recollection the character of the Chevalier sans peur and sans reproche ; but Monteith is wilfully blind to the preference you talk of, which preference I sometimes think originates from the perfect indifference he shews la belle Marie, as I sometimes call her. Accustomed to have all our sex *à ses pieds*, she feels surprised that there is one bold enough to withstand *la vivacité de ses beaux yeux*, and the power of her charms ; and, as we used to read in our good days (I hope there is no harm in the allusion), she follows the example set us in olden times, and has more pleasure in trying to reclaim the lost sinner, than in the devotion of the ninety-nine who have never sinned."

" I doubt," said Elmsworth, " that I admire her as much as you all do. 'Tis true my French is bad, and her English is not good, at least she does not speak it fluently, and, therefore, in our conversations, I fear she finds me a sad dull fellow. Are you acquainted with the lady

we are speaking of, Miss de Clifford ?” said his lordship, turning to Rosa.

“ No, I am not ; but since I have been at Paris, I have heard so much of Mademoiselle de St. Quentin, that I acknowledge I am very desirous to be acquainted with her. My dear brother, cannot you manage an introduction ?”

“ I will try, and feel certain you will be enchanted with her, and admire her as much as I do. It is only Monteith that *can* resist her.” As they were now approaching the crossing to the Tuileries, Lord Elmsworth wished them good morning, and calling to his groom mounted his horse, and de Clifford returned’ with his sister to the hotel, and then left her.

In a few days, Monteith called to propose their going that evening to Le Théâtre François, as two or three of the best actors were to perform, and it was doubtful that Sylla (the tragedy which was to be acted) would be allowed by the censorship to be performed again.

Lady de Clifford, feeling herself quite re-

covered, consented to go, and Hugh, who happened to be with them, agreed to accompany the party. The laquais de place was therefore despatched to secure a "*loge*," and if that could not be got, they determined to procure seats in the *balcon*. It was lucky that they had not objected to this plan, as not a box could be procured. Lord Elmsworth dined out, but promised to join them in the latter part of the evening.

At an early hour the party set off for the Théâtre François. Rosa felt disappointed, as all foreigners must be, at the dull appearance of the house, from its being so badly lighted. The first piece proved so uninteresting, that Rosa had full time to amuse herself with looking round her, and she soon recognized in the opposite box Mademoiselle de St. Quentin.

Her brother was no less quick in remarking them, and immediately joined his Parisian friends. In a short time, two or three more gentlemen went into their "*loge*," and Rosa was surprized to see how equally agreeable to



all Mademoiselle de St. Quentin appeared to make herself. Our heroine soon perceived that the lady who accompanied her was making enquiries of her brother relative to the party he had left, as in a short time she saw herself and her mother examined and scrutinized by her through an opera-glass, and, not satisfied with the first survey, she repeated it several times during the evening.

Rosa at length remarked it to Monteith, who was seated next her, and enquired who the lady was, and learnt it was Mademoiselle de St. Quentin's mother, La Comtesse de le Roche Guyon.

"She appears to me," said Rosa, "to possess a very disagreeable expression of countenance. I am sure her daughter's pleasing manners were never acquired from her mother."

"Nor from her father, I think you would say, if you were to see him; for he is a most ill-tempered man, though very clever; and much attached to his daughter, who has many amiable qualities, but which unfortunately are ob-

scured by a love of admiration and coquetterie—that, in my opinion, destroys every charm she possesses.”

Rosa was scarcely aware of the meaning, to its full extent, of the word coquetterie ; but, unwilling to shew her ignorance, she asked no further questions, and determined to request her mother to explain it to her. At the same time, from what Monteith had said, she inwardly decided that *she* never would become a coquette.

Soon, however, the attention of the whole party became rivetted to the stage by the all-powerful soul-subduing acting of Talma, who, in the character of the hero of the piece,—Sylla, so closely represented the late Emperor Napoleon, that few could witness his representation of the character without feeling the most absorbing interest. I am tempted to use the author, Mon. de Jouy’s own words, (trusting my readers will excuse me,) as they will best express the feelings of Lady de Clifford and her party.

“ Il s’avance d’un pas tranquille. Son man-

teau, négligemment croisé sur son sein, n'offre qu'une draperie d'un gout sévère; sa figure est calme. Cependant, à mesure qu'il approche—l'effroi se repand autour de lui—pourquoi cette attention passive, immobile? Il ne fait pas une geste—il ne dit pas un mot—*Il regarde*. Par une faculté merveilleuse, il parvient à rendre le dédain terrible, l'ironie épouvantable. Cet œil ardent semble—t'il à la fois avide de gloire, de sang, et de repos."

Rosa could scarcely speak or breathe, so completely did she feel that he identified himself with the character, and even Monteith's occasional remarks were lost upon her, as she found it impossible to withdraw her attention from the stage.

Before the end of the piece, La Comtesse and her daughter left the theatre, and when Hugh joined his mother and sister in the balcony, they shortly after did the same.

As they were returning home in the carriage, Lady de Clifford asked some questions about Mademoiselle de St. Quentin.

“ She is a most charming person,” said Hugh, “ and, though I quarrel with her twenty times a day for encouraging all those idle men about her, yet for the life of me I cannot help making one of her train. By the bye, Rosa, Madame La Comtesse was much struck with you, and asked me a great many questions about you and Henry ; though, I must say, she was not very civil, for, on my expressing a wish that I might have an opportunity of introducing you and my mother to her, she coolly said,—‘ *Qu’elle ne recherchoit ni la société, ni la connoissance, de mes compatriotes.*’ ”

“ I beg, my dear Hugh,” said Lady de Clifford, “ you will not another time propose my acquaintance to your foreign friends, as I do not feel ambitious to meet with a second repulse of the same kind.”

“ You have no loss, my dear Madam, I must say, on her account, though you certainly have in not knowing her daughter, who is delightful.”

“ Hugh,” said Lady de Clifford with smiling

gravity, "remember I forbid you to present me with a French daughter-in-law."

"Fear not any thing of the kind, dear Madam ; I admire and respect my own countrywomen too much ever to commit such an error ; but surely you will allow me to admire talents and amiability even in a Frenchwoman."

"Certainly ; but beauty, talents, and amiability are too attractive in our sex for a young man of four-and-twenty to be long secure from their influence. And, perhaps, you may find too late, that the game which you are playing may prove losing one to you."

De Clifford, who ever listened with affectionate attention to his mother's gentle warnings and occasional reproofs, made no answer, and as they soon reached the hotel, the subject was apparently forgotten.

The next morning after breakfast, as Rosa was sitting with her mother working, she suddenly, after a long silence between them, turned to Lady de Clifford, and said :—

“ Pray, Mamma, explain to me what is coquetterie. I feel as if I did, and did not, understand the meaning of the word.”

“ Before I give you the desired explanation,” replied Lady de Clifford, smiling, “ I think I ought first to ascertain what your motives are in asking the question, as the character of a coquette would not, I should hope, be approved of by my Rosa. Coquetterie is a vice,—for I must call it such,—that is supposed to belong exclusively to our sex, though, if they chose to acknowledge it, I believe it equally appertains to the other, and consists in the desire of attracting the attentions of men. Surrounded by their flattery and homage, the coquette seeks to draw all *mankind* around her, and all who approach her magic sphere appear to find, however they may despise the object, an indescribable charm which attracts them; for a coquette generally possesses the talent of making every one pleased with himself. Her sole aim in life is to excite admiration; and, not confined to one alone, she seeks and courts it from all.

But when the object is gained, the desire of pleasing generally ceases. Madame de Genlis says of coquetterie, and the remark is most just, ‘C’est ce que les hommes méprisent, et ce qui les attire.’”

“I do not think, from your account, I ever could admire a coquette, or become one myself; and yet how rapturously does every body speak of Mademoiselle de St. Quentin, whom I have heard named as one.”

“Excuse me, Rosa, I do not think so,” said Lady de Clifford. “Does Lord Elmsworth, does Mr. Monteith speak of her as you describe? No. Believe me, men of sense and principle may be, and are, caught for a short time by the attractions of a woman of that description; for art has taught her to adapt her manners and conversation to every character; but it never can be a durable attachment. A cold unfeeling heart can never secure, for any length of time, the affections of a warm one. I understand that look, my dear girl,—it alludes to your brother. I own he appears infatuated by Made-

moiselle de St. Quentin. It has alarmed me, and, I may add, surprised me. But, as his eyes are open to the faults in her character, I must think she has some redeeming good qualities that make her many admirers overlook a blemish which, as an Englishwoman, I think a very great one; though, in a Frenchwoman, perhaps, it may not be considered such."

"I own," said Rosa, "I long to make her acquaintance. Would you object, my dear Madam, to my doing so?"

"Certainly not," answered Lady de Clifford, "but I do not think we are likely to become acquainted, as, certainly, after the speech the Comtesse Roche Guyon made to your brother, I shall not seek an introduction. I acknowledge, however, that I shall not regret your becoming known to her daughter, as it will give you some insight into the character of the natives of this country; and, by so doing, will, I trust, teach you to estimate the good and amiable of your own. It will likewise shew you, dear Rosa, all the deformity, (if I may thus ex-



press myself,) of the character which I have tried but indifferently, I fear, to portray to your young and unsophisticated mind; and never, I trust, shall I live to see my artless girl contaminated by a world, which, though from the claims society has on us, we are bound to live in, yet, in so doing, we should try to draw a line between the evil and the good, and separate, if possible, the tares from the wheat."

## CHAPTER VII.

With mingled pain and pleasure I survey  
The pompous works of arbitrary sway.  
Proud palaces that drained the subjects' store,  
Raised on the ruins of the oppressed and poor;  
Where e'en mute walls are taught to flatter state,  
And painted triumphs style ambition great.\*  
With more delight those pleasing shadest I view,  
Where Condé from an envious court withdrew;  
Where, sick of glory, faction, power, and pride,  
(Sure judge how empty all, who all had tried!)  
Beneath his palms the weary chief reposed,  
And life's great scene in quiet virtue closed.

*Pope.*

SHORTLY after the conversation related in my last chapter, Mr. de Clifford entered the sitting room, and proposed that the following Sunday the whole party should go to Versailles, as the water-works were to play. Lady de

\* The victories of Louis XIV. painted in the galleries of Versailles.

† Chantilly.

Clifford was very averse to the scheme. The distance, and the consequent fatigue, she felt would be too much for her, and her strength unequal to the exertion. But Rosa and Hugh begged and intreated; the latter assured her that, (judging of *her* feelings by *his* own, and how often do we experience it in this world?) it was impossible she could be fatigued, the distance being trifling, and the country air calculated to renovate her. Rosa's pleadings were more successful. She told her how happy, by consenting, she would make her and dear Hugh. She then urged the little probability there was, from her father's short stay at Paris, that she should, if this opportunity was neglected, ever witness a sight that, by all accounts, was beautiful and unique of its kind.

Does an affectionate mother ever withstand the pleadings and wishes of her children? No. In such cases self is forgotten; health, fatigue, every thing gives way to the wishes of those so beloved. Accordingly Lady de Clifford, smiling, voted their reasons for going irresistible,

(though, in her mind, perhaps, she felt their wishes *unreasonable*,) and gave way to the anxious desire of Rosa and de Clifford. It was, therefore, determined, in case the day proved a fine one, that the party should take place, as they knew Lord de Clifford would not object, he having mentioned his intention of accompanying his son, in case he had intended going by himself.

Need I tell my young readers how the day was watched by Rosa on the Saturday, in hopes of ascertaining the weather for the following day? Even Hugh, for reasons best known to himself, was as anxious as his sister. A violent storm, at two o'clock, alarmed our heroine; but her brother declared they were only heat-drops, and would, as a matter of course, secure them a fine day for the morrow. In truth, he was of that happy temperament at the moment, that he would see nothing *en noir*, and felt quite angry with Monteith, who called on them, venturing to think that the weather looked unsettled; and when, to make his authority good, he

said he had consulted the barometer of the hotel, Hugh declared it was a bad one ; it had never spoke truth since his family had been there ; besides, who ever thought of consulting a French barometer ?—they were worth nothing. In short, the day would be fine, and de Clifford, never chusing to take into consideration a Superior Will and Power, determined it was to be so.

Sunday came, and, according to de Clifford's prognostics, and to the shame of the French barometer, the day proved particularly fine. It was one of those rarely seen in our climate, but so frequent with our more southern neighbours. A clear blue sky, without a cloud, appeared to promise one of those warm, yet not oppressive hot days, which are, I have often thought, peculiar to Paris and its neighbourhood, in the month of May, and make a residence there, at that season, so delightful to foreigners.

It was decided that de Clifford should drive Monteith in his cabriolet, and Lord Elmsworth was to take the vacant seat in Lord de Clifford's

barouche. Rosa had, in her own mind, settled that Monteith should occupy it, and was, therefore, a little annoyed at the arrangement made by her brother. She had latterly begun to be aware that Lord Elmsworth's attentions were more particular than heretofore, and whenever that was apparent, she immediately perceived that Monteith's manners became in consequence colder.

However, this little *contretemps* was soon forgotten, and Elmsworth's rattle and good nature entertained the whole party; for, though far from brilliant in conversation, yet his cheerfulness and good humour ever made him a pleasing companion. But, indeed, how scanty is the number of those who excel in that valuable art, as talents and qualifications are necessary for it which few possess.

Shortly after leaving Paris, Hugh drove his cabriolet by the side of his father's barouche. "Pray how long is it, Arthur," said Lord Elmsworth, "since you and de Clifford have taken out your diplomas, for you are not very unlike

a couple of M.D.s ; or, perhaps, I could find a better comparison, and say, you are more like two leeches in a gallipot."

Monteith and his companion had, from the heat of the day, and the confinement of the cabriolet, taken off their hats, a practice common to Frenchmen, and their dark curly heads and black coats made them, with a little stretch of the imagination, not very unlike the animals they were compared to. This comparison, of course, led to many laughable jokes and remarks between the young men, which, though not worthy of repetition, made the time pass quickly, until they entered the avenue leading to Versailles.

As I have generally found in a work of this kind, that descriptions of country and places are thought *ennuyant*, I have tried, as much as possible, to avoid an error I have often found fault with in my contemporary authors. I will not, therefore, tire my readers with descriptions, which, to those who *have* seen the place alluded to, must be uninteresting; while those

who *have not*, will probably do (what I have often done) turn the page over unread. As I wish to flatter myself that my tale will be sufficiently interesting, to prevent any of its leaves remaining uncut, I shall, in case a description is wished for, refer my readers to the many tourists, who have lately given us so much information relative to Paris and its neighbourhood ; though I believe the best book of reference I could name is Galignani's.

I will therefore only say, that the party viewed, as a thing of course, Le Petit Trianon and the Palace of Versailles ; though from the style in which they were shewn, it is more walking through the apartments than any thing else, as you are not allowed to stop and look at any particular object.

At Le Petit Trianon, a large party had just been ushered in, prior to the de Cliffords entering. Hugh's anxiety for making the party to Versailles was now immediately accounted for. In the party of Parisians that had preceded them, the tall elegant figure of Mademoiselle de



St. Quentin was soon perceived. De Clifford was at her side in a moment ; and, after a few minutes' conversation with her, he returned to his father and mother, and mentioned that Mademoiselle de St. Quentin had expressed a wish to be introduced to his family, if agreeable to them. The request was of course immediately acceded to, and she was brought up and presented to them by de Clifford.

On finding his father did not speak French well (though Lord de Clifford understood it tolerably in conversation), Mademoiselle de St. Quentin immediately addressed him in English; her pronunciation and accent were foreign. And again Rosa remarked, as well as her father, the sweet tones of a voice which, if once heard, could hardly ever be forgotten. After a short conversation with Rosa and Lord de Clifford, she expressed her regret at being obliged to join her friends, but hoped that during the day they should meet again. She then left them.

After walking round the gardens, Lady de Clifford was so fatigued, that she requested to

be allowed to seat herself, and the party not being all collected together, they determined to remain near the palace, and await the return of Lord Elmsworth and Hugh. The latter shortly after passed them with Mademoiselle de St. Quentin and her friends. On seeing his father, he proposed, as Mademoiselle de St. Quentin was also much tired, her joining *them*; and, as La Marquise de Mortemar (the lady she was with) offered to return for her, it was agreed to. She accordingly seated herself between Lord de Clifford and Rosa, Mr. Monteith having resigned his seat to her.

“ You have, I imagine, often been here before, Mademoiselle de St. Quentin,” said Monteith, “ therefore are not probably as much pleased and surprised as Miss de Clifford.”

“ I have been here often, but own that my taste is so bad, I generally come for the sake of the friends I accompany. Shall I acknowledge,” added Mademoiselle de St. Quentin, smiling, and turning to Rosa, “ that I came here to day for the sole purpose of making

your acquaintance. Your brother promised to manage it for me ; and I assure you we had many difficulties, from my mother being unwell and unwilling I should leave her. But, ever since I saw you at the play, I have been most desirous of becoming known to you ; and Mr. de Clifford promised to pioneer the way for me by saying all kinds of pretty things of me to his family. Mr. Monteith, I claimed likewise a good word from you as an old acquaintance. Miss de Clifford, did he forget his promise ?”

Monteith on this looked confused. He was aware that the opinion given to Rosa of the fair Marie had not been quite as flattering as she appeared to wish it ; he, however, evaded this question by answering—“ I have seen so little of Miss de Clifford since you made the request, that I really had forgotten it.”

She gave him a suspicious glance, and then, with one of her sweet looks, and rather coquettish air, she said—“ Oubliez vous ainsi les promesses faites à l'amitié ? que doit-on espérer de celles que vous ferez à l'amour ?”

“ L'amitié,” answered Monteith, looking rather annoyed. “ I have never ventured to flatter myself that our acquaintance would license my calling myself the friend of Mademoiselle de St. Quentin.”

“ Cependant, j'aurois cru qu'un sentiment si froid auroit convenu parfaitement à un natif de votre climat.” This was said in a tone of pique ; but recovering herself immediately, she resumed her smiling countenance, and continued—“ Allons ! je ne veux pas vous quereller, car le raccommodement avec vous est quelquefois difficile.”

Lord de Clifford then asked her how *she* liked the wonderful work of art they had witnessed that afternoon, in *Les grandes eaux de Versailles*, as they are called.

“ It is certainly a noble relic of royal greatness ; but it is art, and as such I do not admire it. In my country, for I like to fancy myself a German, though born in France, Nature has been so kind, and has so highly favoured us by the magnificent Rhine, that I look with almost

disgust at these artificial beauties ; and still more so when I recollect the millions they cost, and those millions drawn from a starving people. No ! the wildest scenery in my native country would to me be preferable to the everlasting sameness of what we have seen to day."

"What can have tempted Mademoiselle de St. Quentin thus to moralize ?" said de Clifford. "Vive la légèreté, I thought was your motto. I shall begin to think our English society has corrupted you."

"Mon ami, c'est la légèreté avec vous, mais la raison avec Monsieur votre père," replied Marie, bowing to Lord de Clifford with a look that few men, old or young, could have resisted.

"Can Mademoiselle de St. Quentin be corrupted ?" gallantly answered his Lordship ; "for me, I doubt the possibility of it."

Hugh, who saw the look that accompanied the speech of his father, said, *sotto voce*, to her in Italian, which he knew his family did not understand, "*Badate,\** or you will turn

\* Take care.

my father's head as you have already done mine."

She laughed, and then said, " Ah ! laissez moi moraliser un peu. Cela m'arrive si rarement."

At this moment Mr. Courtenay, the attaché, came up to them ; his family was also at Versailles, and as he appeared well acquainted with Mademoiselle de St. Quentin, the conversation soon became general.

Mr. Courtenay now asked Rosa the usual question put to strangers, if she had visited many of the sights of Paris since she had been there.

" But few," replied Rosa ; " my mother's indifferent health not allowing her to exert herself much, I have in consequence been out very little."

" Mais vous avez été aux spectacles?" inquired Mademoiselle de St. Quentin. " That is an amusement, or rather a *délassement*, that the English, I understand, are very fond of."

" Do you mean to insinuate, Mademoiselle

de St. Quentin,” said de Clifford, “ that it is the character of the English only? You know it is said—Que les cafés et les spectacles sont l’abri des François contre l’ennui.”

“ I wish, if it is so, that French women had likewise *un abri* against that horrid monster, car c’est vraiment notre maladie du pays.”

“ Mais vous en avez un,” said Mr. Courtenay, who never allowed an opportunity to slip of giving the retort courteous.

“ Ah, faites le moi connoître, je vous en prie, car quelquefois j’en suis obsédée à mourir.”

“ La toilette et l’amour,” replied Mr. Courtenay.”

“ Ah pour cela, non. I may plead guilty to the first, though I deny the last.”

“ Do you then agree with the bard of our sister Isle ?” said Monteith. “ If I did not fear a reproof from *les beaux yeux* de Mademoiselle de St. Quentin, I should be tempted to repeat his lines.”

“ Oh, pray do, and I will promise that *mes*

*beaux yeux* shall not reprove you ; indeed, you know I am an enthusiast of your modern poets, though your old ones I find much too difficult to understand. I beg, therefore, you will repeat the verses."

" As you promise me peace and not war, you shall have them, though I fear you will find them very severe on your countrywomen.

" In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail  
On the ocean of wedlock, its fortune to try,  
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,  
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good bye."

" Je merite le reproche que vous venez de faire à mes compatriotes, Monsieur Monteith, and I certainly deserved it from what I said, but recollect that an individual should not be judged by the character of a nation."

" As I boast some Milesian blood, my mother being an Irishwoman, I must request," said Lady de Clifford, " you will finish the stanza. The closing lines are too flattering to the ladies of that country to allow them to be passed unnoticed."



Mr. Monteith immediately complied, and, bowing to Lady de Clifford, continued—

“ While the daughters of Erin keep the boy  
Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,  
Through billows of woe, and beams of joy,  
The same as he looked when he left the shore.”

“ I wish,” said Mademoiselle de St. Quentin to Monteith, “ you would write those lines out for me—it will be *un petit souvenir, s’il m’en falloit un*,” said she, smiling to the party around her, “ of the agreeable hour I have passed with my English friends. You must bring them to me to-morrow morning. But where is my knight? for I see my friends, and must join them.” She looked around for Hugh, who, finding himself overlooked, had walked off. She then in a most graceful manner turned to Lord de Clifford, and said in English, “ May I claim the father as a substitute for the son?” and, putting her arm through that of Lord de Clifford, she kissed her hand to the party she was leaving, and with the escort of his Lordship was soon placed under the care of her friends.

The whole style and manner of Mademoiselle de St. Quentin was, during the latter part of this conversation, perfectly irresistible. It was no wonder, therefore, that Mr. Courtenay, on her leaving them, broke forth into raptures about her, and that Rosa should likewise join him in the admiration he expressed. She had been much flattered with the attention shewn her by the fair Marie, who had evidently sought to *give* and *leave* a pleasing impression with Mr. de Clifford's family. Lady de Clifford was the only one who had said little on the subject; for even Mr. Monteith could not but acknowledge her manners were most fascinating.

As it was now time to leave the gardens, and the dinner hour was approaching, (for they intended dining at Versailles,) Mr. Courtenay was asked to join their party; but he refused, pleading the necessity of returning to Paris early, despatches being expected that day from England by the courier, which would probably give employment to all the young men attached to the Ambassade until late at night.

After dinner, Hugh proposed to his mother

that Monteith should return with them in the barouche, as Elmsworth and he had agreed to remain late at Versailles. Rosa was well pleased at this arrangement, and Lady de Clifford being anxious to return home early, the carriage was ordered to come to the door immediately.

Shortly after they had taken their seats in the barouche, Rosa said to her father, "Do you not, my dear sir, admire Mademoiselle de St. Quentin very much? I believe this is the first time you have seen her?"

"It is, and I begin not to feel surprised at your brother being so devoted to her. But what do you say, Isabella?" turning to Lady de Clifford, "for I have remarked you have been particularly silent on the subject."

"Why the truth is, I fear I must agree with you, even against my better judgement."

"Mademoiselle de St. Quentin was certainly to day most captivating in her manners," said Monteith; "to me she always appears to have two distinct characters, a natural and an artificial one; when the former has the ascendant,

as it had to day, she is charming ; but when the capricious lady assumes the latter, she provokes me, I own, not to be always as civil and well bred as I ought to be. Indeed, I fear that was the case to day. But even her great favourite de Clifford occasionally lectures her on the subject."

" I know Hugh is her great admirer," said Lord de Clifford, " but I thought *you*, Monteith, were her prime favourite, from what I have heard."

" I suspect that is some of Elmsworth's gossip, which you have been told by him.—No, Made-moiselle de St. Quentin is not a woman *I* could ever love. My love and admiration must be given to a very different object both in mind and character."

Rosa at that moment was earnestly listening to what Mr. Monteith was saying, and unconsciously had fixed her eyes on his countenance. On concluding his speech, he involuntarily turned his gaze on the lovely face of Rosa. Their eyes met !!! Was language necessary to tell her

who that person was whom he considered worthy of his love and admiration? No—the blushing countenance of Rosa, whose eyes drooped under the ardent and speaking ones of Monteith, sufficiently proved she understood him. At that moment, fortunately for both, Lord and Lady de Clifford's attention was attracted to a person running by the side of their carriage, well known to the Parisians, and the strangers visiting Paris, by the name of *Le Grimacier*, whose extraordinary dress, grimaces, and antics, was a happy excuse for Rosa to turn aside her conscious and perhaps pleased countenance. *Le Grimacier* threw into the carriage several of his papers with numbers written on them. Rosa was not aware what they were intended for, until Monteith, throwing the man a frank, informed her,\* and advised her to try her luck in the lottery the following week.

\* There are people in foreign capitals, where there are weekly lotteries, who make a livelihood by selling slips of paper, on which three or four numbers are written. These are generally supposed to be lucky ones, from there having been several instances of purchasers being successful on trying them in the lottery. *Le Grimacier* is one of these itinerant venders of *lucky numbers* at Paris.

As they approached nearer to Paris, the road became diversified by numerous carriages passing and repassing. The evening having proved as lovely as the morning had been fine, Lord de Clifford asked his daughter if she had been satisfied with her day's amusement ?

“ Oh, indeed I have, my dear sir, and I hope the pleasure I have received will in some degree repay my dear mother for the exertion she made in coming, which I am well aware was principally on mine and Hugh's account.”

“ I must likewise beg to be allowed to express my thanks to your lordship,” said Monteith, “ for the very pleasant and agreeable day I have passed. It has been particularly gratifying to my feelings. For this day (the anniversary of a beloved mother's birthday) has, from my earliest youth, been one of mirth and festivity, whenever it has been passed with my family.”

“ In our country, Mr. Monteith,” remarked Lady de Clifford, “ where the authority of parents over their children is great, we are certainly

brought up and educated with much higher notions of the duty towards them than in England. It is probably owing to this, in some degree, that we are so much more alive to the feelings called forth on the return of a day like *this* to you. And, even in after times, these days are remembered with grief, or pleasure, according as the object of our affection still lives to bless us with their love. Or if death has deprived us of them, they live in the remembrance of those they loved on earth, to whom different months or seasons recal them with painful pleasure to the memory. No time or distance has ever made me forget the happy days I first remember in Scotland, when I was blessed with an affectionate mother; and cold and heartless must be that being, who, however far removed from *home*, remembers them not, when hallowed by such recollections. I have often heard you speak of your mother—may I ask where lady Monteith resides—is she in Scotland?”

“She is—with my elder and only brother. He has long been an invalid, and I fear will

never recover his health again, though he probably may live many years."

"What is his disorder?" asked Lord de Clifford.

"A rheumatic fever, caught in Switzerland in attempting to ascend Mont Blanc with a party of young men. They lost their way, and were obliged to sleep on the ice, after being heated from exercise and the exertions they were compelled to make, in hopes of recovering the road they had lost. In consequence of passing the night in those cold regions, without shelter of any kind, my brother was taken extremely ill at Geneva, where his life was despaired of. My mother joined him there; and all the different hot-baths recommended by the medical men who attended him were tried, in the hope they might restore to him the use of his limbs, but, I regret to say, with little success. He can occasionally make use of his hands, which is a blessing; a solitary one, but still highly prized when so many are denied him, and one for which he is most thankful. Poor Allan! no



one would now recognize, in the decrepid invalid, the fine handsome fellow his friends remember him a few years back."

The melancholy close of the conversation prevented much more being said during the remainder of their short drive into Paris; and, on their arrival there, the fatigue of the day had been such, that Lady de Clifford and Rosa, immediately after tea, retired to their apartments.

I trust my readers are not beginning to be disappointed in the character of my heroine, Rosa. Having promised to shew them *the world as it is*, I will not falsify my word by doing what most of my contemporaries have done, by shewing them *the world as it is not*. Rosa *is*, what every well educated young woman should be at the youthful age of seventeen—unspoilt by the world, modest, complying, and good-natured, and completely under the guidance of an affectionate mother. Rosa is therefore the character (at least I hope so) of most of the young and artless girls just entering life. To have drawn her otherwise than she is, (I am

aristocratic enough to think,) the character of my heroine should have been taken from a different situation in life ; either from the forward, half-educated miss of a country town, or the romping untutored country girl, whose mother, occupied by her dairy and other domestic pursuits, forgets the more necessary one of attending to her daughter's education. Or I might, perhaps, have made her a more entertaining character, as the flirt of some watering-place, whose head is turned by the nonsense of every officer in a red or blue coat, whose military duty brings him into her neighbourhood. Let me hope the good taste of my readers will prefer the simple, unaffected Rosa, to the characters I have named ; and, with this anxious hope, I shall not deviate from the original plan of my story, but proceed to narrate the events that occurred the following day, and which are so intimately connected with the de Clifford family, that I shall devote the next chapter to relating them.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Had he no *friend*, no daughter dear,  
No son to be his father's stay,  
And guide him on the rugged way?  
"Aye! once he had—but he was dead!"  
Upon the harp he stooped his head,  
And busied himself the strings withal,  
To hide the tear that fain would fall.  
In solemn measure, soft and slow,  
Arose a father's notes of woe.

*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

THE next morning early after breakfast, Hugh came to inquire after his mother's health. Lady de Clifford then told him his father was gone to the Ambassador's for his letters, as he expected some by the courier that had arrived the preceding day, and likewise informed him his father had left some circular notes of Herries's, which he wished him to get changed at Lafitte's, the banker's. "But, my dear Hugh," continued

Lady de Clifford, “ before you go, I must thank you for the agreeable party of yesterday, and particularly for managing so well an introduction to your young friend, Mademoiselle de St. Quentin, under the plea, if I recollect right, of country air being good for my health.”

De Clifford, at this speech, laughed heartily ; and, slightly colouring, answered, “ Did I not manœuvre famously ? All the old dowagers, with four or five ugly unmarried daughters on their hands, must really come to me to be taught how to manage introducing their frights. Acknowledge, dear madam, that I succeeded perfectly.”

“ I fear I must, dear Hugh, but I own it is a talent I regret to see you so accomplished in, and only trust that you will never practise it but on slight occasions, like the one of yesterday, when certainly good came out of evil ; as, though the means were bad, I am obliged to you, as well as Rosa, for a very pleasant and agreeable excursion ; and, as you prognosticated,” added Lady de Clifford, smiling, “ I

think my health and spirits have been renovated by it."

Lady de Clifford's little reproof was taken good-humouredly by Hugh, who having asked his mother if she had received, as well as himself, an invitation to a dinner at Lord Courtenay's, for that day-week, and being answered in the affirmative, departed on his father's commission.

He had scarcely left the hotel half an hour, when Lord de Clifford returned. On his entering the sitting room, Lady de Clifford immediately perceived he had heard something to annoy him, and ever fearful for her son Henry, she earnestly begged to be immediately told what it was.

"I am certainly much grieved, but make yourself, dear Isabella, perfectly easy. Henry is well, and here is a letter from him, but I have likewise had a letter from Lord Trelawney. I will not say I regret to hear of the death of his son, as, for many weeks, no hope remained of a favourable termination of his complaint, and, latterly, the poor young man has suffered much.

But his father, to the last moment, clung to the hope of his recovery, trusting to his youth and the mild air of Devonshire restoring him; and he has likewise, I fear, been cruelly misled by the country apothecary that of late attended him. The consequence is, his despair is most great, and he writes to beg I will immediately go to England, and, as his last remaining relative, see his grey hairs laid in the same vault with his sons; expressing the hope and certainty that he should soon follow them. In short, his letter is so wretched a one, and written under such melancholy circumstances, that I am determined to comply with his wish, and shall set out for England the day after to-morrow. Poor old man! how I pity him, thus, at his age, to be bereaved of every blessing, and his last hope and comfort taken from him. But truly are the ways of Providence inscrutable, and we have only humbly to bow to the no doubt wise dispensations of our Almighty Parent."

"And does your son accompany you?" asked Lady de Clifford.

“ No, fortunately, but strange to say, Lord Trelawney particularly requests in his letter that my son should not accompany me. I shall therefore leave Rosa and you under his care and guardianship, and I feel that you will be perfectly safe. But how extraordinary! that almost on his death-bed he still cannot forget and forgive the errors of his unfortunate and guilty daughter, and even extends the rancour towards her guiltless offspring !”

Seldom if ever did Lord de Clifford touch upon a subject so painful and so distressing to his feelings. Indeed, for many years after his second marriage, he never alluded to his first ; but latterly the probability of Hugh soon succeeding to his grandfather's title and estates had obliged him to mention occasionally the subject to Lady de Clifford.

For many minutes there was a silence, when, as if he was expressing his thoughts aloud, and apparently unconscious he was doing so, he continued, “ What can have become of her, and the unfortunate sickly little being she claimed

as her daughter? My God! what would I not give to ascertain their fate!" He then, taking pen and ink, prepared to write; but, unwilling to be disturbed, he shortly after left the sitting-room for his own apartment.

The events of this day, as it often happens in real life, appeared to crowd and press upon each other; for scarcely had his father left the room when Hugh returned from the banker's. He came in with a flushed and agitated face, and had scarcely shut the door when he began—

"My dear madam, I think I have every hope of tracing Lady Ellis. At Lafitte's a clue has been given to me, and I am determined to set off immediately, and if possible follow it up."

"My dear Hugh, I fear for the present it must be delayed," said Lady de Clifford, "as your father is himself obliged to go to England the day after to-morrow." She then told him the contents of Lord Trelawney's letter, and the necessity of leaving herself and sister under his care for the present at Paris. "But tell me, I beg, how you have been able to learn any thing



of Lady Ellis, and where do you suppose he to be."

"I have no certainty at present," answered de Clifford, "but will tell you from whence I have derived my information. I went to Lafitte's, as you requested, and, after receiving the money for my father, I then presented a draught on my own account. One of the partners, on seeing the signature, begged to be informed if I was the person who had requested them to make enquiries about a lady of the name of Ellis. I said I was. He then told me that he had been prevented sending an answer to my enquiries, in consequence of the absence of their head clerk, who, on account of bad health, had been on a visit to his friends in the country, and, from his having been many years in their banking-house, they hoped he would be able to give me every information in case the lady had ever employed them as bankers. That that person had arrived the night before, and if I wished to ask him any questions, he was then in the counting-house, and should be sent for. You

will imagine I immediately agreed to it, and he accordingly came. He requested I would give him the name in writing, which I did; he immediately remembered it, and had an indistinct recollection of having received, some years ago, a large sum of money from England, on lady Ellis's account, and of having transmitted it at her desire to some banker in a foreign country; but to ascertain that, he requested that a few days might be allowed him, to give him time to look over and search the books of the house during the years I had marked down. In conclusion, he politely assured me every information that could be gained from them should be sent to me. As soon, therefore, as I had received this desired intelligence, it was my intention to have set off, and to have made personal inquiries of the banker to whom the money had been transmitted. But, as it is, I fear I must delay seeking for the present any further information."

"I fear you must, my dear Hugh," said Lady de Clifford; "but had Mr. Lafitte's clerk no recollection of where the money was sent?"

“ Yes,” returned de Clifford, “ he said he thought it had been transferred to their correspondent banker at Bruxelles ; but, not being able to speak with any certainty on the subject, I did not think it worth naming it to you.”

“ But, supposing it to be Bruxelles, what is there,” said Lady de Clifford, “ to prevent Rosa and me from accompanying you thither after your father’s departure ? I am perfectly indifferent in regard to remaining at Paris. Indeed, now the weather has become so hot, I should prefer leaving it. Go, therefore, and consult your father ; for if Bruxelles is likely to prove your destination, I shall prefer going there to remaining here. As it is on my road to Spa, your father could join us there with less difficulty than at Paris, in case his stay in England should prove a short one.”

De Clifford, at his mother’s request, joined his father, and, after conversing the subject over, it was finally settled that Lady de Clifford should remain at Paris until the state of

Lord Trelawney's health was ascertained. In case it was such as gave but little hope, and that there was a probability of Lord de Clifford's soon returning, the family were to remain at Paris, but if, on the contrary, Lord Trelawney was likely to linger some time longer, they were then to accompany Hugh to Bruxelles, and make all necessary enquiries. Their future plans might be directed, when there, by the events that might occur, and which at present could not be foreseen.

The two following days were cheerless and melancholy ones, previous to Lord de Clifford's departure, from whom Lady de Clifford parted with a heavy heart, and could not for some hours recover her spirits. For, though unwilling to prevent his complying with Lord Trelawney's wishes, yet she could not but feel that his conduct, both in former and of late years, gave him no claim of affection on his son-in-law, whom he had scarcely seen since the misconduct of his daughter. And she felt it most selfish in him, thus, on the plea of humanity, to seek to sepa-

rate a husband from a wife in delicate health, in a foreign country. But, as I fear that selfishness is one of the many evils attendant on a sick couch, we must not be surprised that Lord Trelawney was not exempt from it. Nor can we think Lord de Clifford could have acted otherwise than immediately complying with the wishes of an unfortunate old man, who had thus, by the will of Providence, been bereaved of every blessing and comfort that age and helplessness have to look forward to at an advanced period of life.

As Lord de Clifford's departure obliged him to send an excuse to Lord Courtenay, Lady de Clifford was anxious to include her's and Rosa's likewise; but he particularly requested she would keep her engagement, as, from the extreme youth of young Graham, and their being unacquainted with him, their mourning was more from courtesy than duty, and would not therefore prevent their entering into society as soon as it was put on. And as he was anxious that Rosa should go out as much as possible during

her residence on the continent, he begged she would not decline the invitation, as he was well aware that society would improve her manners ; and, had Lord de Clifford been acquainted with the word, he would probably have added her "*tournure*."

For several days after her father had left Paris, Rosa and her mother lived retired, as their mourning was not sent home ; and, with the exception of occasional visits from Lord Elmsworth and Monteith, they saw no one. But the latter was so evidently out of spirits, that even de Clifford, unobservant as he was of the feelings of others, remarked it to him, and asked him the reason. He partly evaded answering the question, by speaking of Lord Monteith's increasing infirmities from his melancholy disorder, and mentioned his having received a letter from his brother, urging his remaining at Paris for the present, until the season commenced at Spa, when he hoped to join him there for a short time, and then try the baths of Aix-la-Chapelle. Monteith and Elms-

worth had therefore put off their southern tour for the present, and the latter appeared as pleased with the change in their plans as the former seemed to regret it.

Rosa could not understand this conduct in Monteith. She felt how different her feelings were, and how much the pleasure she expected to derive from the journey to Spa was increased by the probability of his belonging to their party. With some degree of anger and mortification, she was obliged to acknowledge to herself that, however his looks and manner had once or twice betrayed his feelings towards her, yet his conduct and language bespoke only indifference, and compelled her to doubt at last whether her own susceptible feelings had not been the cause of her mistaking his. But we will leave Rosa to her speculations on this subject, and return to their dinner engagement at Lord Courtenay's.

From Lord and Lady Courtenay having been long resident at Paris, and well known to most of the French noblesse, Lady de Clifford

expected to meet some agreeable Parisians at their house, and Rosa looked forward, as heretofore, to passing a most pleasant evening.

On their arrival at the Hôtel de Montmorency, where Lord Courtenay had apartments, they found most of the party assembled. It was a numerous one, and as they were in detached parties, and many gentlemen standing, Lady de Clifford could not at first distinguish who they were. But soon a group of gentlemen, near a sofa at the further end of Lady Courtenay's large drawing-room, and the Comtesse de la Roche Guyon seated opposite to them, made them suspect la belle Marie was the attraction. Hugh soon joined the knot of gentlemen that surrounded her, and Lady de Clifford and Rosa felt grateful at Mr. Courtenay's attention, who, leaving the group of which he was one, came and conversed with them ; as, with the exception of Mr. St. Leger and his family, (who likewise dined there,) from being strangers, and not being acquainted with any of the party, they felt forlorn and deserted.



Dinner was soon announced, and Rosa was handed into the dining-room by Mr. St. Leger, who, being an honourable, took the lead, before a young man, who, at Lady Courtenay's desire, was coming forward to offer her his arm. She at first found her neighbour talkative, and rather pleasant, and as he was not encumbered with any English *mauvaise honte*, being an Irishman, (*soit dit en passant*,) she was rather amused by his conversation ; but soon remarking a freedom in his manner that she was not accustomed to, and which even his age could not make her tolerate, she became silent, and turned her attention to her neighbours and those opposite to her.

Hugh was one of the latter, and had not been more fortunate in his companion at table than his sister, as he was seated next to La Comtesse de la Roche Guyon and an elderly gentleman, Mademoiselle de St. Quentin having been handed in to dinner by a very handsome young foreigner, whose breast glittered with a star and several foreign orders. On enquiry Rosa learnt

it was the Danish minister. Several other foreigners were of the party.

Rosa at first was much entertained by examining what was passing around her. She remarked that the gentlemen partook of every dish, tasting it, and, if not approved, sending away their plates. As every dish was removed and carved at the side-table, and then handed round to each individual, the dinner was insufferably tedious; for though the Parisians, and foreigners in general, do not sit long after dinner, yet they consume nearly as many hours at *their* meals as they complain we do at ours, from the length of time they are occupied in eating.

To Rosa, therefore, the party was not particularly agreeable. The gentleman on one side of her was an Englishman, who, having done the civility of asking her to drink a glass of wine after her soup, had never condescended to utter a word subsequently to his having thus done all that he considered to be requisite.

Lolling back in his chair, he passed the time not occupied in eating, with picking his teeth and taking snuff, and examining and playing with a very handsome snuff-box, which is considered so necessary an auxiliary to the appearance of a gentleman.

Mr. St. Leger, after dinner, informed Rosa of the names, &c. of those whose appearance called forth her curiosity. Among others, she enquired, "Who was the gentleman who was seated next to Lady Courtenay?"

"Do you not know," he replied, "Le Comte de la Roche Guyon?" He is the father of the celebrated Mademoiselle de St. Quentin, who, adored for her beauty, admired for her talents, followed from fashion, and courted for her fortune, has become the most finished coquette that has been seen for some time in the great world of Paris."

"I am not acquainted with her father, but I must confess," said Rosa, "I am one of those who admire her extremely, though I know but

little of her. But that little has been sufficient to make me charmed with her manners and conversation."

"Your brother, I am told, thinks the same," said Mr. St. Leger, smiling; "but, as I am unacquainted with her and her family, I judge only from the opinion of others."

"His countenance," replied Rosa, looking at the Comte Roche Guyon, "expresses all that I have heard said of him. His fine aquiline nose, and deeply arched brow, give you reason to suppose that the possessor must be a sensible and well-informed man."

"I am not certain," remarked Mr. St. Leger, "that those features are a proof of intellect, as I know many to whom nature has been liberal in that way who are not gifted as you imagine le Comte Roche Guyon to be. Witness myself; for, though I am a good-natured fellow, I have never yet been complimented by being thought either a wit or a philosopher."

On this comical remark Rosa turned to look at the countenance of her neighbour. She

there saw the features she had been admiring ; but where was the quick, intelligent look, that gave life and animation to them ? The small, pale blue eye of Mr. St. Leger had scarcely sufficient meaning to express the good-humour of which he boasted.

“ You certainly ought, in justice to yourself,” replied Rosa, laughing, “ to have added to good temper the pleasing attribute of candor, as appertaining to your character. For, although I am a stranger to you, you have not sought to conceal your defects from me.”

“ I fear the trial,” said Mr. St. Leger, laughing in his turn, “ would have been a fruitless one. You would have discovered them without my telling you, or assisting you in the discovery.”

The fruit and wine having been placed on the table, Lady Courtenay shortly after gave the signal for retiring to the drawing-room, when each gentleman offering his arm to the lady next to him, they returned into the *salon* in the same order they had left it.

The party then began to separate. Those whose carriages were in waiting departed immediately after taking their leave of Lady Courtenay. Amongst these were almost all the foreigners, with the exception of a few gentlemen, and La Comtesse de la Roche Guyon, who, having lent her carriage to a friend, was waiting its return.

Lady de Clifford's carriage not being arrived, Rosa seated herself by her mother, and the few gentlemen that remained having, of course, surrounded Mademoiselle de St. Quentin, she thus found herself alone. For though lovely in person, with sweet and pleasing manners, her attractions were most appreciated when seen in a small or domestic circle. Could they, therefore, be put in competition with the charms of "*la gaie, vive, et spirituelle coquette*," who now shewed off in all the pride of conquest?

But it appeared as if better feelings soon overcame the love of admiration in the fair Marie; for, turning her eye towards the side where Rosa was seated unnoticed by any one,

for her mother was conversing with Lady Courtenay, she immediately rose, and, turning to the gentlemen round her, said—

“ Allons, finissons ; je suis fatiguée de tout ce badinage ; il faut que j’aïlle causer avec mon Anglaise.” Then, giving them their dismissal with a *bon soir* in the prettiest manner possible, she took a chair and seated herself by Rosa.

Her voice and manner were ever irresistible, and though Rosa had felt much piqued at the fancied neglect of her new acquaintance, she soon forgot a feeling of which she was perhaps ashamed. For, to own the truth, (which as an author I am bound to do,) I am tempted to think that a share of the pique felt by my heroine might have been ascribed as much to the neglect of the gentlemen as to that of Mademoiselle de St. Quentin. I feel, however, that it is scarcely fair thus publicly to analyse a young lady’s sentiments, and shall only request my young female readers to recollect what they have felt on the same occasion, supposing they

have been circumstanced as Rosa, and they then will be able to judge of her feelings.

Mademoiselle de St. Quentin began the conversation by saying,—

“ I regret to hear, Miss de Clifford, that we are to lose you so soon. Your brother informs me you are to leave Paris shortly ; mais la séparation ne sera pas longue, car j’espère vous revoir à Spa.”

“ Are you going there ?” said Rosa, “ I am delighted to hear it ; it is so pleasant to meet some one you are acquainted with in a strange place in a foreign country.”

“ Is that the only reason for which you wish me there ?” replied Marie, laughing. “ Il faut avouer que vous êtes bien franche—but I should have been better pleased had you told me that it was the prospect of meeting *me* that made you so pleased at hearing we are going there. However, I do assure *you* that it is the hope of improving my acquaintance with the sweet sister of Mr. de Clifford, that makes *me* anxious to go to Spa ; but at present it is very uncertain. My mother’s health has latterly been so indifferent



that her physician strongly recommends her trying the Spa waters, they having, some years ago, completely recovered her health after spending a few weeks there. I am told it is a most sociable and agreeable place; and if we go, I shall hope to see a great deal of you. But this," added Marie, "is too good an opportunity to introduce you to my mother to allow it to escape." She then rose and went to La Comtesse de la Roche Guyon, who was seated on the other side of Lady Courtenay, on the same sofa with Lady de Clifford.

After saying something to Marie in a low voice, and manifesting some appearance of indecision, La Comtesse turned to Lady Courtenay, and requested her to introduce her to Lady de Clifford and Rosa, who were already known to her daughter. This was immediately done by Lady Courtenay.

Marie then resumed her seat by Rosa, and renewed the conversation that had been interrupted. "Are you going to St. Cloud on Sunday? I hear a great many of the English

families have made parties to go there and see the water-works, which are often preferred to those of Versailles, though less magnificent.”

“No, certainly not,” answered Rosa. “My father being absent, and attending a sick relation in England, I am certain my mother will not go. Are you to be there?”

“Ah, mon Dieu ! non ; il y a ordinairement une foule de bourgeois, qui vont s’y delasser des fatigues du comptoir, ce qui fait que parmi nous autres St. Cloud n’est pas la mode, et c’est mauvais ton d’y aller.”

Rosa then admired, as most young ladies do when they are conversing together, the dress of Mademoiselle de St. Quentin, who was going to the opera, and which certainly might be denominated, to use a Parisian phrase, “*une toilette élégante.*”

“Il est vrai que c’est très jolie,” replied Marie ; “c’est du magasin de Mademoiselle Victorine ; elle a beaucoup de goût, et a toujours soin que la broderie soit assortie à la nuance de la robe que l’on porte, et pour une demie toilette je

trouve que c'est très bien. Mais comment trouvez vous ma coiffure ?”

Rosa acknowledged she did not much admire its taste or style.

“ Je conçois cela,” replied Marie, “ mais la mode l'autorise, et nous sommes obligées de suivre ses caprices ; car, enfin, ses décisions font loi—Je suis sûre que c'est Hyppolite qui vous coiffe ? Vous faites bien, car c'est l'artiste le plus à la mode ; aussi il faut avouer qu'il a beaucoup de goût.”

“ I cannot,” replied Rosa, “ yet bring myself to follow some of your fashions.”

“ Je m'apperçois bien de cela,” answered Marie, laughing, “ car, permettez moi de vous dire, que votre taille est beaucoup trop courte, et que votre robe n'est pas assez ample. Ces sont deux accessoires indispensables à la toilette d'aujourd'hui. Mais avant de terminer l'esquisse que je viens de vous donner sur les modes du jour, avouez que, si vous trouvez nos modes bizarres, les vôtres sont infiniment plus que les nôtres.”

“ Never having been out in London,” answered Rosa, “ I am not a judge of the fashionable style of dress there. We resided entirely in the country ; and, until I came to Paris, all my pleasures and amusements were derived from thence.”

“ Vous parlez des plaisirs de la campagne,” resumed Mademoiselle de St. Quentin ; “ cependant, d’après ce qu’on me dit, vos compatriotes les abandonnent au moment que nous les recherchons, afin de passer la saison délicieuse du printemps dans votre *foggy, smoky, London* ; pardonnez cette remarque, car c’est Monsieur votre frère qui me l’a appris. Connoissez vous,” asked Marie, after a short silence, “ ces dames Angloises qui ont diné ici, Madame et Mademoiselle St. Leger ?”

Rosa answered that she knew them slightly.

“ La fille me paroît jolie. Elle a une air mignonne, et une physionomie friponne, qui lui va très bien. Mais son genre et sa tournure sont mauvais.”

At this remark Rosa blushed, but the fair speaker, unconscious of the cause, continued, “ Elle devoit à, ce qu’on me dit, épouser l’année passée un jeune Anglois. Mais il étoit pauvre, et la demoiselle n’avoit pas de fortune. Et comme rien et rien fait zero, le mariage a manqué. Sa mère me paroît aimer le monde et la représentation. Je les rencontre assez souvent aux soirées de votre Ambassadrice. Mais je m’apperçois qu’on vient d’annoncer la voiture. Il faut que je vous souhaite à regret le bon soir.”

Here ended the conversation, as several other carriages, with that of La Comtesse Roche Guyon, being announced, the whole of the party separated for their evening engagements.

Rosa, however willing to be pleased with her new Parisian friend, had been far from satisfied with her this evening. Her style of conversation was so different from what it had been with her father and brother, the day they first met at Versailles, that she could scarcely be-

lieve her to be the same person. And, from her conversing with her on subjects so trifling and frivolous, as dress, &c. &c. Rosa had good sense enough to be aware that she had probably intended to adapt her conversation to what she considered the inferiority of her hearer's understanding. She felt, therefore, not a little mortified that Mademoiselle de St. Quentin should have so poor an opinion of her mind and intellectual powers.

Hugh was to be set down at the Opera House by Lady de Clifford, and, on his getting into the carriage, it was evident his temper had been a little ruffled.

"I think," said Rosa, "I never passed so dull a day. If all great dinners are like this, I hope never to be obliged to dine out again. If it had not been for the half hour I passed with Mademoiselle de St. Quentin, I should certainly have fallen asleep."

"You surprise me," remarked her mother, "I really thought it very pleasant."

“ I am sure,” rejoined de Clifford, “ I found it abominably stupid. There was I, seated at dinner next to that cross old Comtesse de la Roche Guyon ! If I had had Miss St. Leger, or that pretty Madame de Coulanges *aux grands yeux noirs, à la bonne heure*, I should have been satisfied. But it was too bad for a young man of my age to be obliged to hand in to dinner a woman old enough to be my grandmother. I verily believe it was done purposely to prevent my having her daughter near me. However, I was up to the old lady, for I scarcely spoke to her or answered her ; and shall revenge myself with flirting the whole evening with her daughter at the opera.”

“ I fear, my dear Hugh,” said Lady de Clifford, “ you did not, by such conduct, improve the character your countrymen, I regret to hear, have acquired in Paris ; and, indeed, I must not allow you to be so severe on the Comtesse’s age, for I do not think, from appearances, she can be much older than I am.”

“ Not older than you !” reiterated de Clifford.  
“ Why, my dear madam, she wears a wig, and you have your own hair.”

“ Your remark at this moment is rather unlucky,” said Lady de Clifford, smiling, “ for though I claim a part my as own, yet, from my long illness, I have lost so much of it that I have found it necessary, not actually to put on a wig, but to do what is done by the Parisians, that is, to add a quantity of false hair. Therefore, my dear Hugh, you must not judge of the Comtesse’s age from her wearing a wig.”

The carriage here stopped at the Opera-House, and Hugh, kissing his mother’s hand, (his ill-temper, as it generally did with him, having evaporated in words,) said, with his usual good humour, “ Notwithstanding all you say, *la chère maman*, I must, and will still assert, that you are, at least, twenty years younger than the cross old Comtesse.” Then, jumping out of the carriage, he was soon lost in the crowd at the door.



“ How much there is to love and admire in that amiable young man,” thought Lady de Clifford, as the carriage drove on ; “ his open, unreserved character, and many inestimable good qualities, with the best of hearts, almost blind those who love him, to the defects of his temper and disposition.”

## CHAPTER IX.

Oh thou! with whom my heart was wont to share,  
From Reason's dawn, each pleasure and each care,  
With whom, alas ! I fondly hoped to know  
The humble walks of happiness below,  
If thy blest nature now unites above  
An angel's pity with a brother's love,  
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,  
Correct my views, and elevate my soul.

*Rogers.*

THE following morning Hugh called at the Hôtel de Mirabeau very early. He came into the sitting-room with an open letter in his hand, which, as Rosa was in the room, he gave to Lady de Clifford, without making any remark on the contents, only saying, "It is from Lafitte." For, in consequence of his sister's extreme youth, her mother had requested she might not be informed of any thing relative to Lady Ellis. On reading over the letter, she

desired Rosa to take the book, which she was reading, into the adjoining room, and leave her and her brother together.

On her departure, Lady de Clifford said, "I find, by this letter, that our destination is certainly to be Bruxelles. It is fortunate that the place you are directed to should be the town where we intended passing a few weeks. I see that Lafitte's clerk refers you to Danoot's banking-house. It is on that house that your father has letters of credit to a large amount. You will, therefore, I should think, have no difficulty in acquiring the information you seek. But, my dear Hugh," added Lady de Clifford, again looking over the letter her son had put into her hands, "I had no conception that your mother—I mean Lady Ellis—had inherited so large a fortune from her uncle. I see, by this statement, that, at different periods, near £60,000 passed through Lafitte's hands in her name."

"It does state so," answered de Clifford, "and I was myself surprised when I looked over the paper. I found it rather difficult to get this

statement from Lafitte's clerk, and it was only on my asserting I was her son by a former marriage, and that it was essential to her interest as well as mine, that I should ascertain how the money was disposed of, and if she were still alive, and where she now resided, that I could persuade him to give it to me. I think, therefore, my dear Madam, as soon as my father's letter decides our plans, we had better think of a change of quarters."

"I agree with you," returned Lady de Clifford, "and shall be prepared to remove at a day's notice, as I feel how anxious you must be to put an end to this state of suspense and uncertainty. But tell me, my dear Hugh, in case you succeed in learning, at Brussels, the residence of Lady Ellis, what are your intentions? Do you mean to make yourself known to her?"

De Clifford paused for a few seconds before he answered the questions put to him, and then replied, "It is difficult to say what are my wishes, and what are my intentions; for I scarcely know them myself. To see her I feel

would be impossible. I could only meet her as a person whom I consider as the greatest enemy I have on earth, and the one who has the most injured me. With these feelings on my side, we had better never meet. But shall I acknowledge the truth to you, my more than mother, (for such in the fullest extent of the word I can truly say you are)—shall I own that the feelings, the harsh feelings,—I will own them to be so,—that exist in my breast towards the woman I am compelled to call my mother, do not exist towards the unfortunate girl, who, bastardized almost from her birth, still claims me as a brother, and who, from no fault of her own, is placed in a precarious, and, perhaps, a wretched situation. In seeking, therefore, the knowledge of Lady Ellis's present residence, for the purpose of ascertaining the heir to my grandfather's title and property, in case of his death, I am equally anxious to learn the fate of my unfortunate sister. From my father I have heard that Sir Charles Ellis was an extravagant man, and addicted to play. The

money drawn from England, through Lafitte, was received and paid a very short time prior to his death. How do I know but that, like all spendthrifts, the money which he gained through the guilt of the woman he seduced, he may have lost at the gaming table, or spent in extravagance; and that Lady Ellis, left by him in wretchedness and poverty, has been lost and unknown to the world from her destitute situation? I have heard she was proud, and, perhaps, pride has made her wish to conceal herself, (and successfully she appears to have done so,) from all her relations and former acquaintance. In discovering *her*, I hope likewise to be able to learn what is become of her daughter, whom, notwithstanding all the circumstances that attend her birth, and my hatred towards her father, my heart still bids me acknowledge as a sister."

"How much I admire the sentiments you have expressed, my dear son," said Lady de Clifford, after attentively listening to him; "and, believe me, I enter most warmly into

your feelings. On Sunday I hope we shall receive letters from your father, and, as soon as we know his plans, I shall be prepared to make every arrangement for leaving this place.”

A ring at the door of the ante-room announced a visitor. Hugh, not wishing to meet any one, took leave of Lady de Clifford, and, reminding her that she must leave her card for La Comtesse de la Roche Guyon and her daughter, as it was usual on the continent for foreigners to call on the natives of the country when first introduced, he escaped through the opposite door to that at which Mrs. and Miss St. Leger were entering.

The former had called for the purpose of inviting Lady de Clifford and her son and daughter, to a small party on the following Friday; and, after mentioning that it was to be a little dance, she requested Lady de Clifford would invite, in her (Mrs. St. Leger's) name, Lord Elmsworth and Mr. Monteith, to whom she had not the pleasure of being known. They were both absent, Lady de Clifford informed

her, and had been for some days, with a party of friends, at St. Germain, and she was uncertain when they were expected back ; but she would desire to be informed of their return, when the invitations left for them by Mrs. St. Leger should be sent to them.

I will now give some account of this family, which will soon be better known to my readers, as it was the intention of Mr. St. Leger to pass the summer at Spa.

He was the younger brother of an Irish viscount, and had married a young Englishwoman, whom he had accidentally met when quartered with his regiment at York. She was the only child of a man who styled himself a gentleman and an esquire ; but the great landed proprietors in the neighbourhood called him a respectable yeoman. To this only daughter, (who had been very well educated at a seminary in York, superintended by a most excellent and worthy woman,) he promised to give, on her marriage, ten thousand pounds down ; and his farm, or, as he denominated it, his landed estate, (which,



at a moderate calculation, was worth fifteen thousand more,) was likewise to be her's at his death. Caught by the scarlet coat faced with yellow, (for, alas ! the Hon. Francis St. Leger was only in an infantry regiment,) and likewise by the appearance of the young and handsome lieutenant, Miss Blundell soon gave him sufficient encouragement to tempt him to try his fortune with the pretty, fair, and good-natured Sophia; and, according to the old adage, so well known to our countrymen of the emerald isle, " that faint heart never won fair lady," he, one evening, when dancing with her at a private ball, (and after several glasses of champagne at supper had elevated his spirits for the occasion,) ventured to make his proposals in form to his fair partner. Mr. St. Leger, as a matter of course, was referred to her father. This he rather wished to avoid; but, finding the old gentleman's consent was considered necessary by his daughter, he wrote to him the following morning, and, dwelling chiefly on his birth and family, of which he certainly had no reason to

be ashamed, he frankly acknowledged he had nothing else to offer.

Finding that his daughter was really attached to the young lieutenant, and hearing from his brother officers a most unexceptionable character of him, and of his general conduct in the regiment, and, at the same time, his pride being much gratified by his Sophia marrying the son of a peer, Mr. Blundell consented to the match ; and he never after regretted so doing, as Mr. St. Leger made his daughter a most excellent husband, gave up the army at his desire, and resided entirely with him on his property until his death. After that event, Mrs. St. Leger, being anxious that her daughter should improve under foreign masters, they determined to reside abroad for a few years ; and they had, in the preceding winter, brought out Miss St. Leger at Paris. The two brothers of that young lady, who were younger than herself, were still at a public school in England.

Having thus given an account of the St. Leger family, we will now return to the party in

Lady de Clifford's drawing-room. Rosa had been sent for to entertain Miss St. Leger, and, while her mother is settling with Lady de Clifford the, to her, momentous affair of inviting the young men to her ball, I will give a slight sketch of the character and person of her daughter. She was a dark brunette, and extremely pretty. Having been much admired at Paris, where English beauty never fails to meet with the admiration due to so evanescent a possession, she conceived no young man could be long in her society without admiring her, or becoming enamoured of her numerous attractions. She had adopted the character of being unequal to all exertion, from the extreme delicacy of her health, though, in fact, she possessed a strong and excellent constitution. Her father's free style of conversing was most annoying to her, and, indeed, on that subject no one could blame her, as Mr. St. Leger's *double entendres*, and the licence he allowed himself in conversation, were often extremely distressing to both mother and daughter. But, to use a hackneyed expres-

sion, Mr. St. Leger had no "delicacy of feeling" to boast of, and he laughed at the affectation of it in his daughter, and the rhodomontade of sentiment with which she occasionally *amused* her friends.

On Mrs. St. Leger's departure, Lady de Clifford informed Rosa she had accepted the invitation, though, she added, it was chiefly on her account, as she should have preferred not going.

"Oh ! why then, dear madam," replied Rosa, "did you accept it ? for really I do not wish to go. My last ball was so disagreeable a one that I do not feel the slightest inclination to pass another evening so unpleasantly."

"Your father is anxious, my dear girl, that you should enter into society as much as possible while you are abroad, and you must take the bitter with the sweet. The world, my beloved Rosa, may be compared to this chequered life of good and evil. We must not hope to 'gather grapes from thorns;' and, as we cannot expect to pass through existence without afflictions of various kinds, so we must not expect that the

world will always shew its brightest side to us. It has often happened to me to have the most disagreeable party in prospect turn out the most agreeable in reality. This, I hope, may prove the case now. But I will not say as I did before your last ball, ‘win as many hearts as you can ;’ for apparently you were not successful that night. I think, therefore, I had better leave it to chance, which is, I believe, after all, the best friend to those young ladies who have that aim in view.”

“But I hope, my dear madam,” replied Rosa, looking rather guilty, “you do not suspect me of having that aim?”

“I should much sooner suspect myself, my dear Rosa, of having it in view for you ; for I verily believe one is much more likely than the other, therefore do not think I alluded to you in the remark I made.”

The servant at this moment announced the carriage, and they shortly after departed on a tour of visits. On stopping at La Comtesse de la Roche Guyon’s Hotel, the Suisse informed

them she was at home. The apartments were on the ground-floor, and looked into a large garden. They were shewn through a magnificent suite of rooms, most handsomely furnished with lustres, glasses, &c. until they reached Madame La Comtesse's bed-room, into which they were ushered. The room was empty; but books and some work on a table, and an opposite door shut apparently in a hurry, proved evidently that the person who had been sitting there had just made her escape from the apartment.

Rosa did not regret their being thus left to themselves for a short time, as it gave her an opportunity of examining every thing around her, though at first she was much astonished at the fashion of receiving morning visitors in a bed-room.

The bed was in a large recess, and beautifully decorated with gilt ornaments, and with curtains and draperies *en soie de Lyons*, of scarlet flowers on a dark blue ground, with which the rest of the apartment was furnished. A magnificent dressing-table, *en bois d'Acajou*, with a propor-

tionably large glass, was the most prominent piece of furniture, as it was covered with handsome cut-glass scent bottles of various shapes and sizes. There were, likewise, a variety of other ornamental nameless &cs. in porcelain and or-molu, too numerous to describe or name. An elegant book-case as a *console*, placed under a large pier-glass that faced the recess in which the bed stood, was filled with books in various languages, handsomely bound. The mantle-piece was covered with Sêve and Dresden china vases and *compo-tiers*; and numerous tables and chairs dispersed in various directions completed the furniture of the room.

I have been thus particular in describing the boudoir of a Parisian *élégante*, as I thought it might prove as interesting to some of my readers as it was to Rosa, who had scarcely finished her survey of the apartment before the door opened, and Mademoiselle de St. Quentin made her appearance.

“I regret,” said Marie, as she entered the

room, "that my mother is too unwell to receive her friends. She has sent me as her representative, and hopes you will excuse her absence. She had forgotten to give to the Suisse the well known order of, 'Madame ne reçoit pas;' to which omission I am to attribute the pleasure I really feel in thus receiving my English friends instead of her."

"I was sorry to hear from my daughter," returned Lady de Clifford, "that Madame La Comtesse's health is so indifferent, and will probably oblige you to visit Spa this summer."

"It is still undecided what we shall do," replied Mademoiselle de St. Quentin. "My mother is extremely averse to going there, and wishes to remain at Paris, which I should much regret on her account as well as my own. To-day she is suffering from a violent headache. *Mais la migraine est notre apanage*, and is scarcely to be denominated an illness."

"I think," said Rosa, "I should not object to a slight indisposition if I were allowed to



have such a delightful apartment as this to receive my friends in when sick."

"It is certainly a pleasant apartment," answered Marie, "but I like *my* boudoir even better; though, strange to say, I am seldom in it. My mother tells me I am only there when I am out of spirits, or out of humour. Mais à quoi sert un boudoir si on n'y boude pas? But I hope," added she, turning to Rosa, "I shall receive you in it one of these days, and shew you all its beauties."

"Not," answered Rosa, laughing, "if you are in the temper you describe yourself to be in, when you are there. I think my visit would be very ill timed, and mal-à-propos."

"Mais j'oublierais mes chagrins et ma mauvaise humeur dans votre société. You will, therefore, promise me, I hope, to make one trial, before you leave our gay capital."

"That will be so soon," replied Lady de Clifford, "that I fear you must consider this as a *pour dire adieu* visit. But I hope we shall meet at Mrs. St. Leger's ball."

“ My mother does not know her. Indeed, your family is the only one of the English society here that we are acquainted with. You English are such birds of passage, that we are not desirous of forming intimacies with those whom we probably should have so much cause to regret when they returned to their native country.”

“ The reason is certainly complimentary,” answered Lady de Clifford, “ and I must of course feel flattered that the exception is made in favour of my family.”

“ I have long felt interested in the mother and sister of Mr. de Clifford, and if our journey to Spa does not take place, j’espère, miladi,” continued Marie, “ qu’une heureuse volonté vous ramenera parmi nous l’année prochaine.”

Lady de Clifford shook her head, and shortly after rose to go away. As they were making their curtsies, Marie, with a grace all her own, pressed Rosa’s hand, and presenting each cheek successively to be kissed, took an affectionate leave of her and her mother ; and both felt how

impossible it was to resist admiring and loving a person possessed of such sweet manners.

A very warm evening tempted Rosa after dinner to place her chair near the open window. It was the day preceding Mrs. St. Leger's ball, and while her hand on the back of her chair was carelessly supporting her head, she revolved in her mind the difference between her present feelings and those she experienced on first entering Paris. It appeared to her as if months instead of weeks had glided by since their arrival at that hotel. The world, (even in that short period,) how different did it appear!—Even its pleasures were no longer courted and enjoyed as they were then. Mrs. St. Leger's ball she felt indifferent about going to, and, though it was to take place the following day, she had never even thought of her dress. How different from the Ambassador's ball, when it occupied so much of her thoughts as to call forth her mother's surprise and reprehension !

It was almost dark and she was alone, Lady de Clifford having left her to write letters.

Sensations most melancholy for the first time in her life came over her. She had expected that, in the world she was entering into, she should meet with many amiable young women, from whom she might have selected a friend, whose age and disposition corresponding with hers, their intimacy might have proved a source of happiness to both parties. But in this, as in most of her expectations, she was disappointed. Sophia St. Leger she felt to be as much inferior to her, as Marie was her superior in mind and other advantages. Rosa was sensible that she was on a par with neither, and how can friendships exist where one party is raised above the level of the other, either by rank, fortune, or personal and even mental acquirements ?

It is from that circumstance that so few friendships are durable, that seldom or ever are we fortunate enough to possess a real and sincere friend. Under the influence of all these oppressive feelings Rosa was not aware of a person entering the room, and felt startled when she heard Monteith's voice close to her.

“ Will you pardon,” said he, “ this late intrusion ; but, on my return from St. Germain, the porter informed me Lady de Clifford wished to see me.”

“ I am so happy you are come back,” replied Rosa.

“ Are you, indeed ?” interrupted Monteith, and the bright smile of pleasure gleamed over his fine manly countenance.

But a look of disappointment succeeded, when Rosa, continuing, said, “ for my mother wished you to return in time for a ball that Mrs. St. Leger gives to-morrow evening, and to which she has requested us to invite you and Lord Elmsworth.”

“ I am obliged to her, but are you going ?” said Monteith.

“ Yes, we are, and I believe my brother likewise.”

“ Then, perhaps, Miss de Clifford, you will allow me to hope, if I go, that I shall have the pleasure of dancing with you ; for I am such a stranger to all the young ladies here, that it

will really be charity if you will take compassion on me."

"Men are so independent in that respect," said Rosa, "that I rather think the compassion will be wholly on your side; for, except Mr. Courtenay, Lord Elmsworth, and old Mr. St. Leger, who will not, I imagine, shew off in a quadrille, I scarcely know any one at Paris with whom I am likely to dance. Now you gentlemen have only to ask—"

"And to be refused," interrupted Monteith, smiling. "I assure you, Miss de Clifford, if you ladies have not the power of selecting, you are at least spared the mortification of a refusal; and, however trifling it may appear to you, I know nothing we men bear with so little temper, as being told by a lady, when you ask her to dance, that she is engaged, and then seeing her led out by a person your superior in rank or fortune, who has been accepted after *you* have wished to engage her. Do not, therefore, be surprized that when I hear of a peer, and the heir apparent of one, being likely to enter the

lists with me, I should be anxious to secure your hand, without giving you a chance of excusing yourself to-morrow night."

"Indeed," said Rosa, laughing, "you are quite right to do so; but I think it probable I may have given you an unnecessary alarm, for it is very doubtful that Mr. Courtenay will *think of me*."

"Think of you!" ejaculated Monteith. "Can Miss de Clifford in any society be forgotten, much less at Paris, when she throws all her beautiful countrywomen into the shade?"

To this speech Rosa felt it impossible to give an answer, and, fortunately, her mother's entering the room a few minutes afterwards broke a silence which was beginning to be distressing to my heroine.

The following morning, before she was dressed, Rosa was surprised by seeing her mother enter the room, followed by a woman with a large band-box. Having given her daughter an affectionate embrace, Lady de Clifford said, "My dear girl, I have been much

pleased at not remarking in you lately that extreme anxiety about your dress, which was but too apparent a few weeks ago. I have, therefore, ordered a dress for you for to-night; which I beg my dear Rosa's acceptance of, and I hope she will approve of the taste Mademoiselle Victorine has displayed in making it."

Rosa had expected to be obliged to go in black. She was, therefore, agreeably surprised to see taken out of the band-box, a white crape dress, drawn over a sarsenet slip of the same colour, and beautifully decorated with a profusion of white crape roses.

Lady de Clifford, on receiving the thanks of her delighted daughter, had the satisfaction to see the pleasure her unexpected present had given her; and, in the evening, had also the gratification of seeing her lovely girl generally admired, and her beauty and elegance praised and remarked by those who were strangers to her, and were not aware that their admiration so openly expressed, was overheard by the pleased and happy mother.



## CHAPTER X.

Strange is it, that our bloods,  
Whose color, weight, and heat, poured out together,  
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off  
In differences so mighty. If she be  
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislikest,  
A poor physician's daughter, thou dislikest  
Of virtue for the name.—

*Shakspeare.*

Mrs. ST. LEGER had named ten o'clock as the hour at which she wished her friends to assemble. Rosa, punctual to a moment, on entering the drawing-room, found her mother seated there reading. She walked up to a large pier-glass to look at the *tout ensemble* of her dress. An expression of pleasure was perceptible on her sweet intelligent countenance, as she surveyed her figure in the glass. It was

not vanity ; for Rosa did not possess *that* dangerous pride and love of self which eventually become so injurious to the possessor. But the thought that Monteith would admire her, that *he*, perhaps, might think her handsome, illuminated her face with smiles. If this is called vanity, it is surely excusable in a girl of her age.

The carriage, impatiently expected by Rosa, had been ordered to take up her brother (who was to accompany them to Mrs. St. Leger's,) at the Comte de la Roche Guyon's, where he dined. But half an hour passed and he did not arrive. Rosa began to find the time insufferably long. She walked to the window, and then again seated herself, wondering at the apathy and unconcern of her mother, who, deeply interested in a new tragedy lately published, felt very indifferent about the ball. At length a carriage was heard to drive under the *porte cochère*. Rosa listened, but, alas ! it was not theirs, for, in a few moments, it drove out again.

“ I am sure it must be past eleven o’clock !” exclaimed Rosa.

“ Only half-past ten,” quietly answered her mother, looking up from her book at the *pendule* on the chimney-piece. “ We shall be in excellent time”—and she again resumed her reading.

Rosa, *malgré elle*, was obliged to be satisfied. Her patience (or rather impatience) was, however, soon rewarded by the arrival of the carriage, which brought a message from Hugh, requesting Lady de Clifford to make his excuse, as he had engaged himself for the evening.

On entering Mrs. St. Leger’s drawing-room, Rosa found Monteith in attendance, ready to claim his fair partner. They accordingly joined the next set of quadrilles that was danced, and our heroine soon entered into the amusement with all the spirit and animation natural to her. On joining her mother, after the quadrille had ended, Monteith said to her—

“ I am going to tax you, Miss de Clifford, with the neglect of an acquaintance you ap-

peared to like. I see the accusation surprises you. But I called this morning upon Mr. Rowley, and he seemed much to regret he had seen so little of your family."

"I hope," said Rosa, "you explained how we have been circumstanced, and that the death of a relation and my father's absence has prevented our seeing any but intimate friends."

"I did so," he replied, "but he appeared particularly low-spirited to-day, and though I think he is better, yet he makes no effort to conquer the mental disease that certainly contributes to injure his health."

"What is the affliction, may I ask, if it is no secret, that thus preys upon his mind?" said Rosa.

"I do not believe it can be a secret," replied Monteith, "when it is known to so many, and I shall have no hesitation to tell you his short but melancholy story. The only thing I should wish to conceal is, the name of the lady who is the heroine of my tale. But, as the ball-room is not the best place for a story of that

kind, I must defer it until some other time, as I see," added he, smiling, "the heir apparent of the peer you threatened me with last night is determined to prove good my words by *thinking* of you."

And so it was, for the next moment Mr. Courtenay was by her side, requesting her to dance with him. On leading her to the set, he said, in his usual conceited manner—

"And does not Miss de Clifford regret the gay scenes she is going to leave, for that most odious vulgar town of Bruxelles? I hope that you do not remain there long, otherwise, upon my soul, you will be cut by all well-bred people! For I understand the society there consists chiefly of impoverished nobility, who cannot live in their own country, half-pay officers, without hope of preferment, and a fair proportion of swindlers, ruined merchants, &c. &c."

"Your description of the place is certainly not inviting," answered Rosa, "but I hope to escape the misfortune you threaten me with, as

I assure you we shall only be there a few days, or at most a fortnight. It depends chiefly on my father's being able to join us."

"You are going, I am told, to Spa; does Mr. de Clifford accompany you? Though, indeed," continued Mr. Courtenay, "that is a question I need not ask, for where *la belle Marie* is, there only is he to be found. I understand that Monsieur le Comte and her physician have decided against Madame's inclinations, and that they are absolutely to go to Spa, where you will meet them. I dined in company with your brother at their house to-day, and heard *La Comtesse* lamenting the sad necessity of leaving Paris."

The conversation was here interrupted, and was not renewed. To Mr. Courtenay succeeded Lord Elmsworth, who, however much he admired Rosa, seemed this evening rather more inclined to devote himself to the pretty brunette, *Sophia St. Leger*. But he was naturally of a most indolent disposition, and his attentions to women partook very much of the

character of the man. He had often the appearance of being capricious, when, in fact, it arose from the carelessness and indolence habitual to him; and those who sought his attentions most had generally the greatest share of them.

At the conclusion of the quadrille, a French gentleman was brought up and introduced to our heroine as a partner, by the name of Comte Louis de Roussillon. Miss St. Leger, who was standing by her, whispered in her ear—

“ I assure you, you ought to be much flattered and proud of your partner, for he is one of *Les Gardes du Corps*, and much admired by English ladies.”

The gay and happy Rosa, who this evening was pleased with every thing, was much gratified at dancing with so envied a partner, although his conversation was less agreeable than she had expected to find it, from the intelligent expression of a countenance that boasted a very fine set of features.

“ Had I not the pleasure of seeing you the other morning at la grande messe de Nôtre

Dame ?” enquired Comte Louis. “ I think you must have been charmed with the music, for you do not, I believe, allow any thing of the kind in your churches.”

“ Pardon me,” replied Rosa, “ we allow of church music, psalms, &c. accompanied by the organ.”

“ Ah ! que c’est triste ! Mais, mon Dieu ! cela doit vous donner les vapeurs. Pour moi, quand je vais à la messe, c’est pour voir mes amis, et entendre la musique, car nous avons d’excellens musiciens.”

“ It is very true,” answered Rosa, “ you certainly have, and no fault can be found with them. But I dislike the style of music, as I cannot bring myself to think that quadrilles, marches, and rondos, which are chiefly played in your churches, accord with the sacred place in which they are performed.”

“ Il est vrai,” replied he, carelessly, “ mais c’est la mode, et puis c’est beaucoup plus gai.” And, with this *sensible* remark, he offered her his arm to join the quadrille then forming.



During the time they were not dancing, he again addressed her—

“ Vous trouvez, je m’imagine, Mademoiselle, *notre* Paris infiniment plus gaie, plus agréable, que Londres ? du moins voilà ce que disent toutes les Angloises. Mais qu’elles sont belles ! qu’elles sont charmantes, vos compatriotes ! Pour moi j’avoue franchement j’en suis fou.”

“ Surely you are unjust to the Parisian ladies, for they appear to me to boast of a large share of beauty.”

“ I do not deny it, but can *you* look in the glass,” he added, with a smile of admiration and *dévouement*, “and not perceive the truth, and bear witness to the justice of my remark. For my part, there is scarcely a ball I go to, that my heart is not lost to some English beauty.”

“ Can your heart,” answered Rosa, smiling, “be thus easily recovered of a morning, and lost again of an evening ? But, perhaps, you only fancy you lose what I suspect, by your account, you never were in possession of !”

“ C'est possible,” he replied, with perfect good humour. “ Mais, songez, donc, comme nous autres Messieurs de la Garde du Corps sont recherchés dans la société ici et ailleurs ; nous sommes absolument blasés, sur tout ce qui a rapport aux affaires du cœur. Et il est très possible que les dames nous tournent la tête au lieu de nous dérober nos—” placing his hand conceitedly on his heart, or, rather, on the place where it is supposed to lie.

“ But,” archly replied Rosa, “ as I do not give Messieurs de la Garde du Corps credit for being encumbered with that troublesome appendage, a heart, there is no fear of the latter misfortune happening to you.”

“ Will you allow, however, that you English women turn our heads? If you do not, I shall be tempted to think that you do not give us credit for possessing either a *head* or a *heart*. But that is not the case ; for your lively and agreeable conversation dazzles our mental faculties, while the beauty of your persons charms and fascinates our hearts !”

He was continuing in this strain, when, fortunately for Rosa, they were obliged to take their turn in dancing; and Comte Louis was thus prevented from giving her the finale to a speech to which he had added all the necessary accompaniments of tender looks, &c.

Rosa, when she recollected afterwards this conversation, and another much of the same description from this conceited Frenchman, was almost surprised at the style she had allowed herself to adopt in conversing with him. But it is the society of such men that injures so much the manners and conduct of our countrywomen abroad.

Monteith, before the end of the ball, again claimed Rosa as a partner. His admiration of her this evening could scarcely be concealed. When she was not dancing with him, his eyes ever followed her lovely elegant figure, which, in this small party, was seen to the greatest advantage.

Lady de Clifford was the first to retire; and the agreeable evening she had passed, the ad-

miration she had excited, and various minor gratifications, made Rosa entirely forget all her sober reflections of the night before, on the vanities and disappointments incident to those who associate with and live in the world ; and, on going home, she assured her mother she had never passed so pleasant an evening, and only regretted they did not occur oftener. We are to imagine, therefore, some powerful reason had caused this sudden change in the feelings and sentiments of our heroine.

The English Ambassador's courier not arriving on the Sunday, disappointed Lady de Clifford of the letters she expected. Hugh dined with his family, and in the afternoon proposed to his mother and sister their walking with him in the gardens of the Tuileries, which, of a Sunday evening, at that time of year, are generally filled with company. Lady de Clifford declined going herself, but Rosa consented to accompany him. They accordingly set out, and, as they were leaving the hotel, they met Monteith. Hugh proposed his joining them in their walk, which he

immediately agreed to. On reaching the gardens they found the heat of the evening so overcoming that Rosa expressed a desire to sit down, and they accordingly took some chairs.

“ You promised me,” said Rosa to Mr. Monteith, “ to give me, when you had an opportunity, the history of Mr. Rowley. I think this appears to be the time and place appropriate for a story of the description which I fancy Mr. Rowley’s to be. For I suspect there is something very romantic in it, from the interest you appear to take in him.”

“ Then, I fear, Miss de Clifford, you will be disappointed,” replied Monteith, “ and from your high-raised expectations will think it an every-day story. I confess that, to me, there is great interest attached to Rowley’s history, from the feeling with which he related it to me. Now, as you can only have it at second-hand, and that, too, from one who does not possess the impassioned manner, and, perhaps, the impassioned feelings of the hero of my tale, it will probably on repetition appear much less in-

teresting than I have reported to be. But, such as it is, you shall have it; fortunately it is not too long.

“I believe it is the custom of all biographers, and I must abide by it, to give the birth, parentage, and education of their hero; and though, perhaps, very uninteresting, I must conform to the general rule. I will, therefore, tell you that Henry Rowley is the only son of a baronet, of an old family, settled in the north of England. His father is singularly proud, and, as far as it was in his power by education and example to instil the same principles into his son, he did, and he had succeeded tolerably well, if I may judge from his opinions and conversation, until the sly God, that sets at defiance all those haughty feelings of birth, and equalizes all ranks, chose to interfere.

“Near his father’s property resided a lady, who had been settled in that neighbourhood many years. She had, on her first coming into the country, spent a large sum in beautifying and enlarging a sweet romantic cottage which

she had purchased in a picturesque situation. She avoided all acquaintance, and returned no visits. This lady apparently lived in a handsome style with her daughter, then a little girl. As she refused entering into the society of the neighbourhood, and no one knew who she was, she would probably have been entirely overlooked and forgotten, had it not been that she was occasionally met in her low phaeton on the public roads by some of the families who resided near her; when the increasing beauty of her daughter, who generally accompanied her, became the theme of conversation.

“ During this period young Rowley had been chiefly at school, and latterly had passed the last two or three years on the Continent. On his return to his father’s, he had little interest in people whom he never saw, and seldom heard of. But this apathy did not last long. One day he went out shooting, accompanied by a favourite setter. By some accident he unfortunately shot the dog, who appeared to suffer much. Rowley knew not how or where to pro-

cure relief. When finding himself not far distant from the residence of Mrs. Ellice—”

“Who?” exclaimed de Clifford, whose attention had at first been only slightly attracted to the story, but had latterly appeared to be more interested in it. “What was the name you mentioned?”

“I really,” answered Monteith, “was not aware I had mentioned any name—as it was not my intention to do so; but as the mischief is done, the name need not be concealed any longer. It is Ellice.”

“But do you know how it is spelt?” again demanded Hugh.

“Not exactly,” replied Monteith, looking rather surprised at the question put to him. “But I think I have the recollection of a letter Rowley shewed me from his father, in which the name is spelt E, l, l, i, c, e.”

“Pray continue your story,” said Hugh, rather in an impatient tone. “I am all anxious to hear the termination of it.”

Monteith then continued. “Rowley imme-  
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diately conveyed his dog there, and having requested leave to wash and dress the wound, every thing that was necessary was sent to him; and before he left the house he begged to be allowed to thank Mrs. Ellice personally for the attention shewn to him and his favourite setter. He was immediately introduced into the drawing-room, where the lady and her daughter received him. The beauty of the latter was, I understand, most striking. She was apparently about your age, Miss de Clifford, and, I need not add, an age where beauty is ever seen to the greatest advantage. I will not enter into any further details, but merely mention that this visit was succeeded by others, and from the intimacy that ensued, Rowley's attachment to Miss Ellice, which was encouraged by the mother, soon became mutual; and, as Mrs. Ellice took every opportunity to mention that her daughter Anne would have a good fortune, it might have been considered a match that would not probably be disapproved of by Sir Thomas Rowley.

“But his son knew his father’s disposition better, and felt assured that, with his high ideas of birth and respectability, he never would consent to a girl of unknown origin being received into his family as the wife of his only son. In the mean time young Rowley forgot that the alteration in his manners, his frequent absences from home, which were often unaccounted for, with a preoccupied and *distract* behaviour in society, would probably raise suspicions in his father. This was the case, and Sir Thomas soon ascertained where those hours were spent which he had been given to understand were passed in shooting.

“When he had made himself thoroughly well informed on the subject, he desired one morning to speak with his son. He then taxed him with the secret visits he was in the habit of making to a person unknown to him, and added, that, however her conduct might have been correct and proper during her residence in the neighbourhood, yet, from her being neglected by all her friends and connections, and her refusing

all intercourse and acquaintance with her neighbours, it placed her character in a very equivocal light ; and, understanding she had a handsome daughter, he requested to know what was the object of his concealed visits to Mrs. Ellice.

“ Poor Rowley was to the highest degree dismayed at these questions from his father, who, though indulgent in many things, was severe in others. But at last he was obliged to acknowledge his attachment to Miss Ellice. To shorten my story, I will only add that, for many months, Sir Thomas Rowley forbade his visiting at their house, or having any communication with them whatever, and obliged his son to leave the country for a short time. At last, the grief and illness of young Rowley brought his father to consent so far, that if Mrs. Ellice would prove herself respectably connected, he would consent to his son’s wishes.

“ Poor Rowley, full of hope, and eager to bring the desired information to his father, set off to Mrs. Ellice’s residence. But, on naming

the terms Sir Thomas Rowley conditioned for, she positively refused to give any information as to her family and connections. After repeated interviews on the subject, she at length acknowledged to young Rowley that her daughter was an illegitimate child."

At this period of Mr. Rowley's history, de Clifford's interest was intense, and his agitation such that he could scarcely conceal it. With a voice much agitated, he asked if he had heard the name of Miss Ellice's father?—Mr. Monteith said, "No; for on that subject she had rejected every solicitation of Mr. Rowley's; and Sir Thomas, on learning she was a natural child, obliged his son to break off entirely with the family, and sent him abroad.

"It was at that period we met him," continued Monteith, "on board the steam-packet. But I have my suspicions, that, with the knowledge of the mother, he corresponds with the daughter. His health is certainly better, and I evidently perceive he looks forward to the hope that his father may relent."

“Would you object, Monteith,” said de Clifford, when the story was concluded, “to inquire the direction of the lady? I have some idea I am acquainted with Mrs. Ellice’s connections, which has occasioned my being interested in what you have been relating.”

“I have no doubt I can,” replied Monteith, “as Rowley is extremely open on the subject with me.”

While this conversation was passing between the two friends, some chairs near them, that had been occupied by French ladies, were vacated, and were almost immediately taken by two ladies, whose dress and manner bespoke them at once to be English. Hugh, who was deeply interested in questioning Monteith, did not remark them, but they directly attracted Rosa’s notice. The elder lady’s stiff, starch manner, prominent large features, and proud and haughty look, formed a complete contrast to the young person who accompanied her, and who was apparently her daughter. Pale and delicate from illness, young without the bloom of

youth, her countenance was most interesting. The features were handsome, but they wanted health and happiness to animate them; for the lines of grief were strongly marked on the beautiful outline of the face—for Rosa was so placed she could only see her profile.

She touched her brother, and begged him to look at the beautiful Englishwoman seated near him. He immediately turned to look at her, when, after taking a survey of her figure, he expressed his disappointment, by saying, “I think her quite plain. You are, Rosa, but a bad judge of beauty, for she is much more like a marble statue than animated nature, and I should be more tempted to fly from her, than be attracted by such a lump of clay. Pray, Monteith, do you admire my sister’s taste?”

“You are indeed severe,” answered Monteith; “but I agree with you that there is a great want of animation. She is not, therefore, the description of beauty I like. But I believe I am difficult to please, for there is only one style of loveliness in woman that I admire,” and

his eyes glanced over the fair face and person of Rosa. With a half side look, Rosa had caught the glance, and the tumultuous feelings of her heart explained, as if by inspiration, to whom the words alluded, and to whom they were addressed. Little more passed than a kind of desultory conversation ; their neighbours were equally silent. At length, Rosa heard the elder lady say to the younger one, in a most affectionate tone, that ill accorded with the severe proud look of the speaker, “ Do you not feel it damp, my love ? I feel rather alarmed at your remaining out so late. Had we not better leave the gardens ? ”

“ Oh no ! my dear madam,” was the answer, “ indeed there is no dew to alarm you on my account. This place is so cheerful, and the evening so fine, that I feel my spirits better from witnessing this happy, gay scene.”

Rosa, for the first time, then perceived that the young person was in mourning, and concluded that the loss of some near relation had perhaps occasioned the look of melancholy

and grief that pervaded the countenance of the young Englishwoman.

De Clifford soon after proposed leaving the Tuileries; and Monteith wishing them a good evening, they separated.

The next morning, the expected letters were received from Lord de Clifford, and the hurry and bustle that the necessary preparations for their departure occasioned, prevented Hugh from making, for the present, any further inquiries on the subject that had interested him so much the night before.

But it will be necessary to inform my readers of the contents of Lord de Clifford's letters, and the events that occasioned his remaining in England. I will, therefore, in the next volume, give them the desired information. But, unwilling to leave thus suddenly a capital (so deservedly a favourite) like Paris, I shall bring them back, once more, ere I take my final leave of a place which many of my readers have, perhaps, like me, left with regret; and though, in those cases, it has been no fictitious sorrow,



I will flatter myself that, in this instance, they will also grieve at the departure of my heroine from the French metropolis; and thus prove that the scenes I have described, in which I have attempted to represent society and manners as they now exist, have not been devoid of interest.

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LONDON :  
MarCHANT, Printer, Ingram-Court.













